

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

MAY

1945



My General, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.
By Sergeant Kurt Show

John W. Vandercook

Louis Bromfield

Bud Kelland

Is Remington Rand making electric shavers now?

YES...AND FOR A VERY GOOD REASON. Shavers are needed in Army and Navy hospitals—in this country and overseas—because they're so easy to handle, so gentle and comfortable on the skin. The direct order for shaver production was urged by officers of both the Army and Navy. Typical users of the shavers will be airmen, whose faces are susceptible to frost-bite. When your skin is raw and sensitive, a comfortable shave means a lot. That's why the Army and Navy will get every Remington electric shaver now being made.



SHAVERS FOR CIVILIANS? NO...not now. But when military needs let up and you can pick a new electric shaver, see America's No. 1 shaver first. Remington! Of course. Because Remington was *first in sales* just before the war, *first to introduce multiple-head shavers* and *first for clean, speedy shaves*.

* * *

IF YOU ARE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO OWN A REMINGTON, keep it in good condition. There are Remington Rand service stations in 77 of the largest cities. Bring your Remington in or send it to the nearest branch. We'll keep it oiled and adjusted for you. Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn.

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS
NO LATHER NO BLADES SHAVE DRY

YOU'LL TAKE YOUR
EASE IN STYLE —



There's a *Ford* in your future!

Some day—when America's biggest job is done—peace will return. And with it will come a new Ford car that's big, roomy and sturdy. . . . Then you'll have the kind of gentle ride you've always hoped for. It will be so smooth. So packed with comfort. In front seat or back, you'll find yourself at ease and completely relaxed.

. . . But that's not all! Many other refinements will be found in this new Ford. Smart, improved styling that will have a youthful air. A new richness, both inside and out. And, of course, you'll enjoy the famous thrift and reliability that have always been traditional with Ford cars. . . . When the time comes, we'll be

ready to start production plans. Meanwhile, however, the full Ford resources are being used to help bring Victory closer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



"STARS OF THE FUTURE." Listen to the new Ford musical program on all Blue Network stations. Every Friday night—8:00 E.W.T., 7:00 C.W.T., 9:00 M.W.T., 8:30 P.W.T.



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

MAY, 1945
VOLUME 38 • NO. 5

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The Editor's Corner

THE MITCHEL FIELD, N. Y., weather observer shown in the cover picture is Sergeant Irving W. Carr of the Army Air Forces. He is just about to release a hydrogen-filled balloon. He will follow it through the powerful lens of the theodolite for many miles, carefully reading at the end of each minute the azimuth and elevation angles, reporting them over the interphone system strapped to his chest to another weather observer inside the weather station.

The inside man will plot the run on a
(Continued on page 4)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents—unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office, Parcel Post rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope—but mark envelope "Magazine—Second Class Matter."

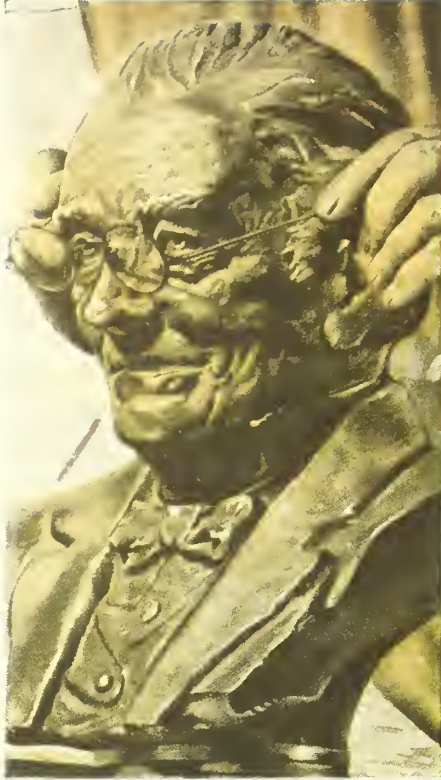
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The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



SPECIAL TOUCH

There is no writing that tells how to produce a bourbon like Old Grand-Dad. True, there is a formula—but he who works with it must also have something born into him. He must have a special touch for coaxing the last wisp of flavor from the ripe grain, a flair for capturing the sparkle of the sun, and a great patience with the slow hand of time. For flavor and sparkle and mellowness are the delights of Old Grand-Dad—an ever-present invitation to count him among your friends and include him among your guests.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

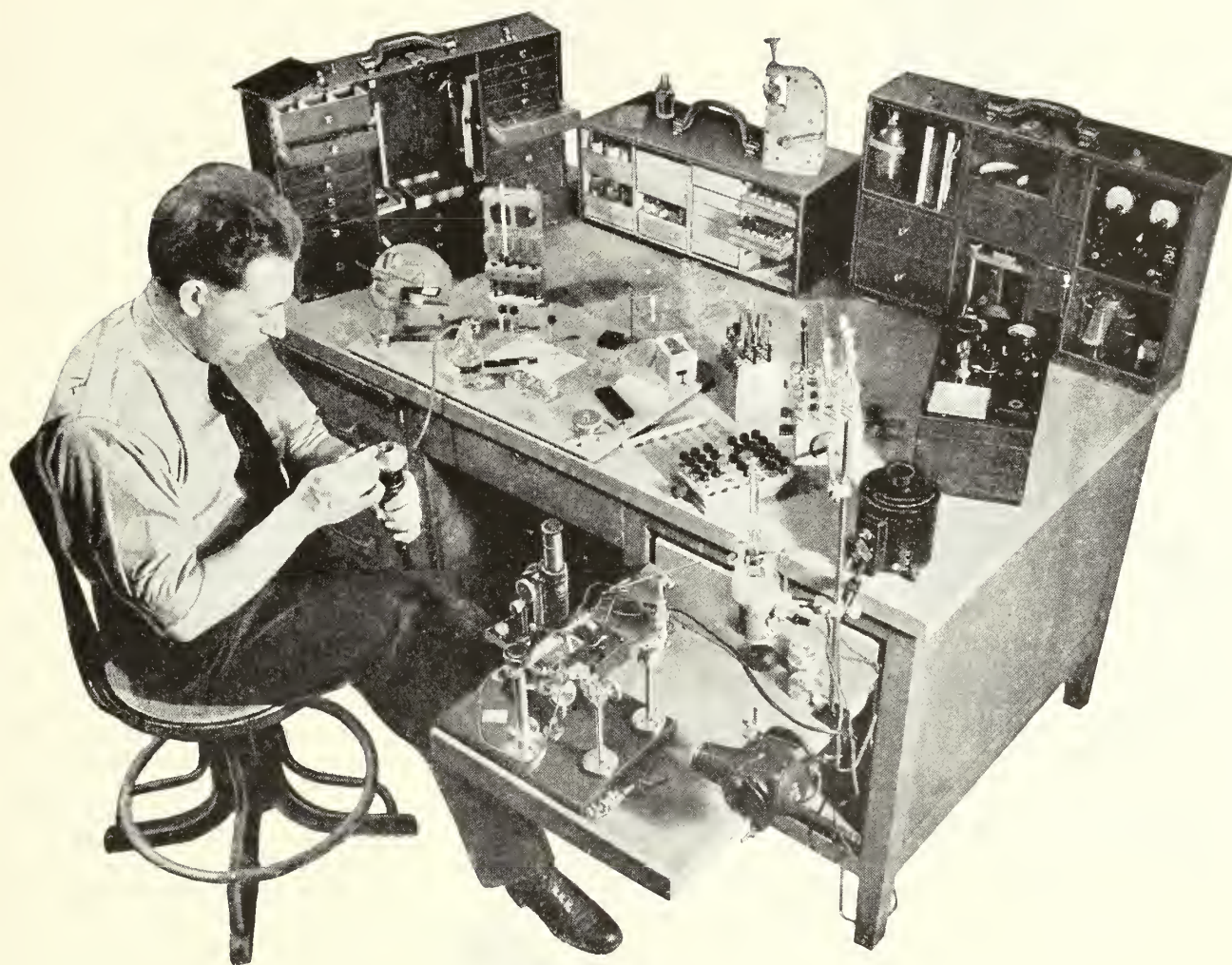
Bottled in Bond
100 Proof • 4 years old

Head
of the
Bourbon
Family



OLD GRAND-DAD

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y.



Traveling Crime Laboratory

This laboratory travels the country running down "crimes" against telephone service. Staffed by scientists of Bell Telephone Laboratories, it can move to the scene on a day's notice.

Always caught, its "criminals" never make the headlines. For they are not people, but such things as a thread of lint, a trace

of acid, or sulphur compounds in the air. Finding these enemies in the telephone plant is one of the services rendered to the Bell System by Bell Laboratories.

In an organization now concentrating on war work, Bell Telephone Laboratories' people have ferreted out substitutes for scarce materials, have recommended

materials for difficult conditions, have identified enemy materials in captured equipment.

The services of these Bell Laboratories' scientists are always available to any part of the Bell System. This ability to call upon expert aid whenever needed is part of the strength of the Bell System.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(Continued from page 2)

plotting board at the end of each minute. With the knowledge of the two angles and the speed of ascent, which is ascertained by the amount of hydrogen in the balloon, he can immediately tell the speed and direction of the wind at each 1000-foot level.

This information is extremely necessary for flying safety. It is valuable to the pilot, for he can pick his best altitude for tail winds, and extremely important on bombing missions, when the success of the mission depends on accurate setting of the bombsight.

BOYD B. Stutler, Managing Editor of this publication, who is currently serving as a Legion War Correspondent in the Philippines, has been awarded the Philippine Liberation Ribbon with two stars by the Commonwealth Government of the islands. Stutler's service as a correspondent attached to the Army in the Philippines met all the requirements for the maximum number of stars then authorized: A-Day landing on the Leyte Beachhead, Oct. 20, 1944; actually under enemy fire and air attack, and service with the forces for a period of more than thirty days. Stutler was a sergeant with the 314th Field Art., 80th Division, in the 1917-'18 ruckus and is a member of John Brawley Post, Charleston, West Virginia.

We don't happen to have a picture of Boyd in his war-correspondent garb, but hope to get one for inclusion in this space in the June issue. Meanwhile, here's what our other Legion War Correspondent, Frank Miles, looks like. Frank was in the Navy in the earlier war, and saw service in this war as an army major before going abroad as a Legion War Correspondent early last fall. For some months he was with the Fifth U.S. Army on the Italian front. At latest word he was with the First United States



Frank Miles

Army in Germany. Miles belongs to Argonne Post, Des Moines, Iowa, and is a former editor of the Iowa *Legionnaire*.

FRIENDS of the late Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt Jr., (see *My General, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.*, page 10 of



The Cordova

Style 485
Brown Calf and
White Buck
Durite Sole,
Rubber Heel



Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

The Nunn-Bush ideal is to make the finest shoes human skill can produce, and to make a profit not alone in dollars but in the friendship of all who make, or sell, or wear them. Enjoy Ankle-Fashioning, the Nunn-Bush development which improves fit and increases comfort.



Most Styles
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The Avenue

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Ventilated
Brown Calf
Leather Sole,
Rubber Heel

See your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY · Manufacturers · MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

this issue), have initiated a plan to build a library in his memory in his native village of Oyster Bay, New York.

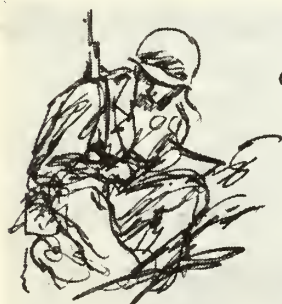
An effort is being launched to secure the sum of \$100,000 for this purpose. Approximately one half this amount will be needed to construct a small, modern, fire-proof building. The balance will be used to create an endowment fund with which to provide subscriptions to books, magazines and newspapers in the future and additional services.

One friend of General Roosevelt's, Nelson Doubleday the publisher, has offered to supply whatever books may be needed to start the library. Major General Frank R. McCoy, USA Retired, is chairman of the committee and Winthrop W. Aldrich is treasurer. The committee hopes to secure the funds needed through the voluntary contributions of thousands of Roosevelt's friends.

THE battle for Iwo Jima, which the Marines won in March after nearly a month of the hardest kind of fighting, cost 4,189 American lives, with total Yank casualties at 19,938. It was the hardest fight the Marine Corps has ever been called upon to face, but the possession of the island by the United States means the shortening of the war by many months. Something of what such an operation takes in the way of materiel may be gathered from a statement made by the OPA in Washington soon after the Marines had ended Jap resistance. To take Iwo Jima it was necessary for us to expend enough fuel oil to fill a train of tank cars—10,000 gallons each—238 miles long; enough gasoline to operate 30,730 automobiles for a full year; enough lubricating oil for one complete oil change in 466,000 automobiles; enough food to feed a city the size of Columbus, Ohio; enough ammunition to fill 483 cars. That's something to think about next time you wonder whether rationing is worth while.

Below is an on-the-spot Iwo Jima drawing made by John J. Floherty, Jr., Chief Petty Officer, U.S.C.G., on a V-mail form which he sent our Art Director, Frank Lisiecki.

ALEXANDER GARDINER



GREETINGS
FROM
IWO JIMA

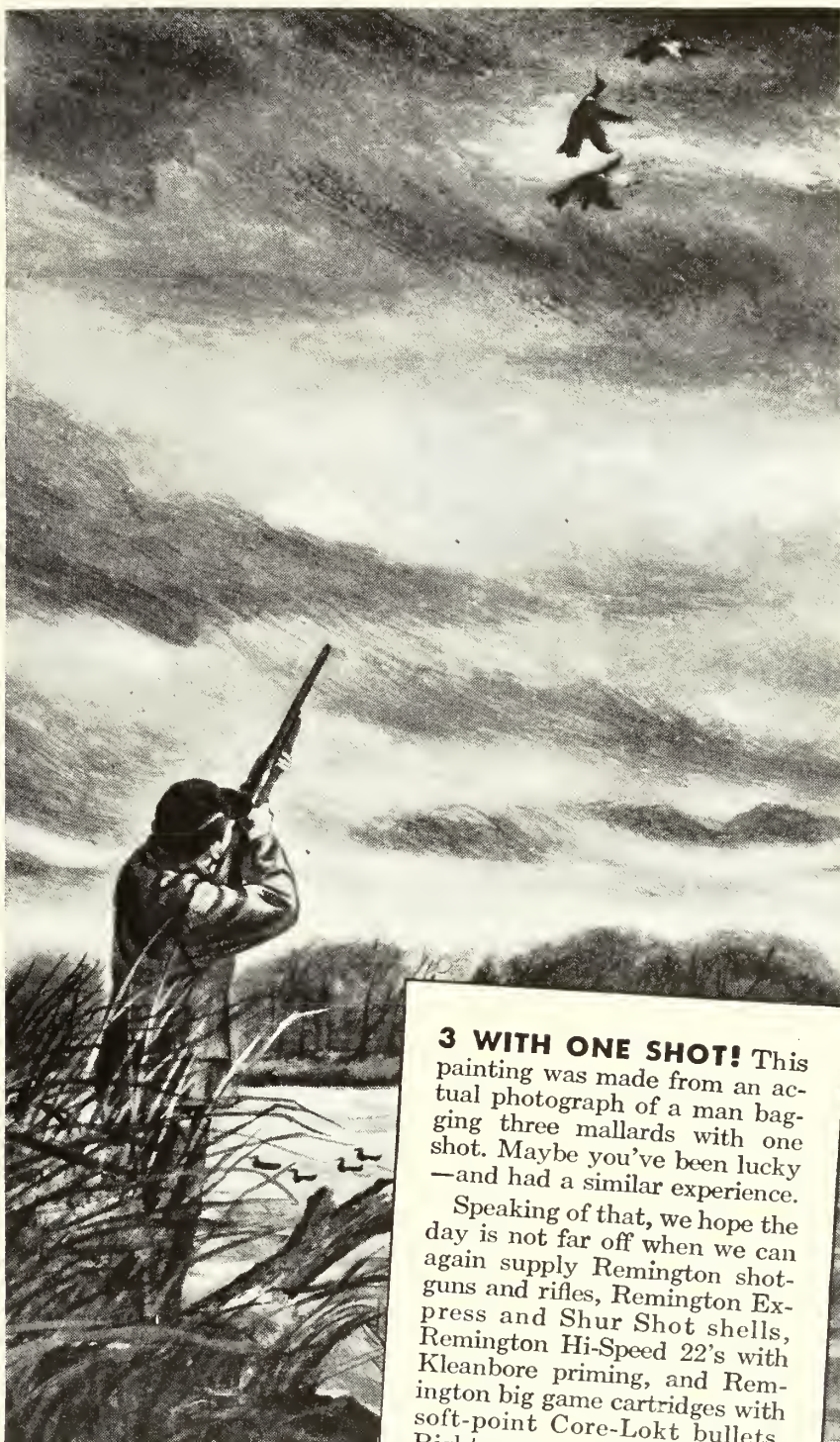
INITIAL INVASION
OF IWO JIMA

Send from
Jack Floherty Jr.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?

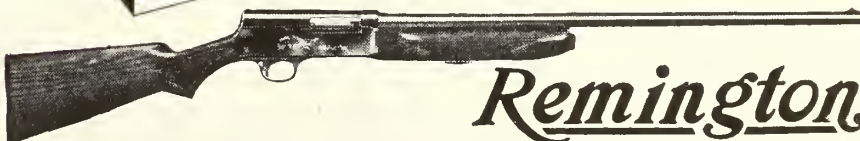
V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?



3 WITH ONE SHOT! This painting was made from an actual photograph of a man bagging three mallards with one shot. Maybe you've been lucky—and had a similar experience.

Speaking of that, we hope the day is not far off when we can again supply Remington shotguns and rifles, Remington Express and Shur Shot shells, Remington Hi-Speed 22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets. Right now, we are producing military materiel. If you'd like a free enlargement of this painting, write to Remington Arms Company, Inc., Dept. J5, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun and long range Remington Express shells.

Kleanbore, Express, Shur Shot and Hi-Speed are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Core-Lokt is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

DU PONT

Remington

"If It's Remington—It's Right"



IT'S GOING TO TAKE *Your* HELP

By EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING

NATIONAL COMMANDER, THE AMERICAN LEGION

PERHAPS, at present, no word is being used more often than the word "post-war." This, because it expresses in a single term all our hopes for a world at peace, and in which men motivated by greed and lust for power shall be denied the opportunity of ever again plunging that world into War. It visions an era when peoples everywhere may strive for Freedom and individual Liberty with a fair chance of success.

We are fighting this War to preserve our form of Democracy, and that implies economic opportunity.

The men and women of World War II are not only qualified and efficient, but by reason of their service they have earned the right to the full and free enjoyment of that economic opportunity, which they will have preserved, upon their return to civil life. To that end The American Legion is pledged.

Fortunately, the Legion has built a firm foundation for achieving this purpose. Its Commission on Postwar America said: "Postwar employment can best be fostered by a system of free enterprise embodying the greatest encouragement to individual initiative and to every sort of business leadership. A national program of fair and impartial treatment of both management and labor should be brought into existence and made effective, and that program must be based on the fundamental principle that both management and labor be mindful not only of their rights and privileges, but also of their duties and responsibilities."

In keeping with this broad principle, the Legion's National Employment Committee has drafted a definite program for maximum employment. It recognizes that while veterans should have full rights to jobs they left and to job preferences they have earned as fighting men, we must work toward a goal of full employment for all willing to work. The program also recognizes that the greatest number of jobs must be provided in the sales, service and distribution fields.

It is the purpose of the National Employment Committee to throw the full support of Legion posts and auxiliary units behind the effort to find employment in their various communities.

The Government, as well as many of the States and Municipalities, has a program of public works and developments designed to employ many returning veterans, but this is not enough.


If we are to find 55,000,000 jobs, it's going to take the full participation of every American, in every city, town and country crossroads.

It's going to take **YOUR** help—whatever your walk of life may be.

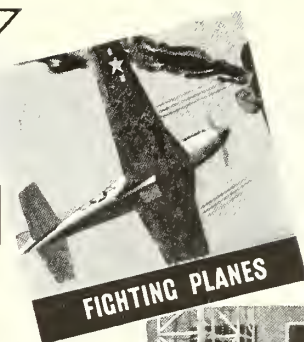


FARM TRACTORS

Continental



Red Seal Engines



FIGHTING PLANES



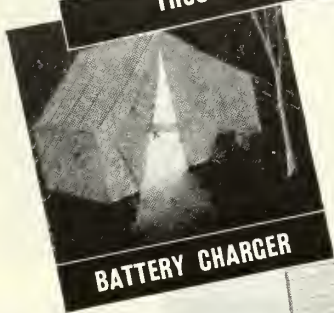
AUTOMOTIVE



BUSES



TRUCKS



BATTERY CHARGER



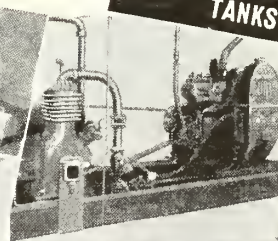
INDUSTRIAL TRACTORS



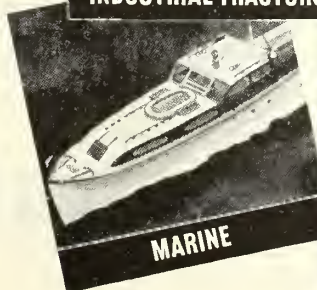
OIL FIELD



Portable Power Tools



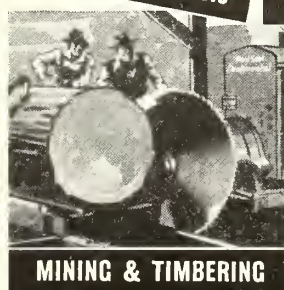
AIR CONDITIONING



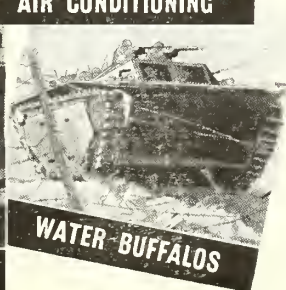
MARINE



AVIATION



MINING & TIMBERING



WATER BUFFALOS



HOISTING



ROTARY SNOW PLOWS



ROAD BUILDING



TANKS

Continental Red Seal Engines of all types and sizes continue to pour out of Continental factories at an unbelievable pace because of the great demand for dependable power.

These Red Seal Engines are air-cooled and liquid cooled, radials, L-head, or opposed, and range from single cylinder to twelve cylinder — from $\frac{5}{8}$ H.P. to 2000 H.P.

The uses for Continental Red Seal Power — the Power to Win — are many and are important contributions to America and the United Nations.

Your Dollars are Power, Too!
Buy War Bonds and Keep Them!



Awarded to the
Detroit and Muskegon
Plants of
Continental Motors
Corporation for
High Achievement

Continental Motors Corporation
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

Life hangs by such threads



WANTED: Something to keep flyers from freezing. So engineers developed electrically heated goggles, shoes, suits... Something dependable to guide pilots in fog and dark. So engineers devised electrically driven gyroscopic instruments. ... Something automatic to keep engines from overheating or cooling. And now comes an electric control the pilot needn't touch.

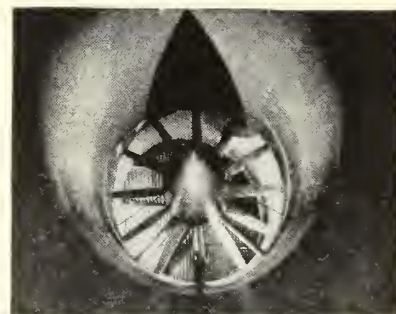
Working day and night, G. E.'s research and engineering staff has solved hundreds of such problems. The pictures here show how a few have been met. Through research come better electrical products and processes—in war or peace. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



Flyers' lives often depend on their instruments. G-E workers use only tweezers to handle these precious parts of electrically driven gyroscopic instruments, dry them with air jets, oil them with hypodermic needles. They've got to be accurate.

Eyelids can freeze shut when you're 7 miles up! Electrically heated goggles, developed by G-E engineers, have fine wires embedded in plastic lenses. With G. E.'s electric blanket as a start, G-E engineers designed electrically heated flying suits, heated gloves and shoes being made in three G-E plants. Toughest problem was to devise heated gloves with thin wires strong enough to stand constant flexing.

Before it's built, they know how it will fly! 18,000 horsepower of G-E motors blow winds faster than a pursuit plane can fly. Testing model planes and parts up to full size and speed in wind tunnels like this helps get new airplanes perfected quicker.



Making night landings safer. Engineers adapted the G-E "Sealed Beam" auto headlamps into war use—G-E airplane landing lamps 20 times brighter than those on your car. Sealed against dust, dirt and salt water damage, they cut down the peril of high-speed landings.

★
Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT. NBC—*The World Today news*, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



The Hope of San Francisco

By John W. Vandercook

THE DISCUSSIONS by the delegates of the four great powers at Dumbarton Oaks last fall were a preliminary canter. An attempt was made in Washington to chart the vast, unknown region of the future. The United Nations conference which assembled in San Francisco on April twenty-fifth, is the main event. There, the unknown country of tomorrow, in which we all must dwell, is being entered, thoroughly explored, and, the world prays, settled peacefully.

Forty-seven nations, from the largest to the smallest, are represented. Perhaps by the time these words are printed, that number will have increased. For the United Nations hope to speak for all mankind. Mankind is not an exclusive association.

Never before has the ancient hope for a working, peaceful collaboration of all nations been more realistic, or the way so well prepared. The San Francisco Conference does not seek the attainment of an impossible ideal. It seeks, instead, a practical solution of the most practical and important matter with which men can be concerned.

Before the first delegate breathed the tangy mist which blows in through the Golden Gate, complete unanimity already existed on the two most fundamental issues.

There is no disagreement anywhere that modern warfare is the most tragic, wasteful and unworthy enterprise, in which men or nations can engage.

There is equal unanimity in believing that at this particular moment in time the greatest threat to peace is offered by the present enemies of the United Nations, Japan and Germany. It is therefore the intention at San Francisco to put first things first; to create an association of states which will make it their business to remain united for however long it may take to keep watch and guard upon those two countries and their people.

Allied victories in both hemispheres will end the immediate danger of German and Japanese aggression. With the experience of what followed the First World War still green in our memories, few this time, however, are so short-sighted as to think the military defeat of the Axis, however crushing, will destroy the dream of dominance which those two nations have so long cherished.

The hyper-cautious and the greatly hope-

The First Full Step Toward the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World?

Drawing by WILLARD DOWNES

ful are already grumbling that it is not the aim of the San Francisco Conference, as it was not the purpose of Dumbarton Oaks, to guarantee that no state through all eternity shall ever have the means to wage war. Some day, that perfect condition may be attained. In the considered judgment of most of the world's leaders and most of the world's common people, that time has not yet come.

It is in the very essence of the proposals which are being examined in San Francisco that at least five great powers, the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, France, and China *shall* retain means of waging war. It is the intention of the delegates to devise an understanding which will assure, as well as anything can be assured, that that military strength shall be employed not for offensive, private purposes, but for a defensive and a common end.

What is required of us—of all of us, then—is an act of faith. Each of the great powers, however difficult it may seem, must believe in the good will of his big neighbors.

We have reason to believe in that good faith. We are not called upon to accept
(Continued on page 49)

My General, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

By Sergeant Kurt Show



Son of an illustrious American, Gen. Roosevelt made history himself in a distinguished two-war career capped by the posthumous award of the Congressional Medal of Honor. In his peacetime service to his country he likewise proved his devotion to those ideals for which we fight

"Now if grandfather can do this, you can—come on!"

The late Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who often made light of being a grandfather at war, frequently used these words when the going was tough. It reflected the spirit that drove him on in many Allied advances. He seemed always determined to show that the men of World War I could still fight; still take it with the best of young America.

I knew. Starting as his orderly during training days at Fort Devens, Mass., in 1941, I was constantly with him until he died on July 12, 1944. He was a battle casualty. He fell from sheer exhaustion. The "old man" just wouldn't give up.

To me, he was a soldier's soldier; a considerate commander; a man who hated and loathed war; a soldier-father with three sons in the service and anxious to get home. Sometimes I wondered why he, a man in his fifties who had been through one war, felt it his duty to go back into World War II.

This question was partially answered in snatches of conversation between the general and some of his cronies of the First World War. He often talked about his part in founding The American Legion and his regret that the peace won in 1918 was not made permanent. Maybe he felt he had to go back to help finish the job.

In any event, that jibes with what his gracious widow has told me since I came back to the States on leave. In speaking of the general one day she said: "He felt that citizenship calls for a willingness to defend it, age and advantages being no barriers to service in time of war." That explains a lot of things men think about under enemy fire. Perhaps we are all fighting because we always want to be citizens.

A lot of things are clearer to me since I visited the "old man's" widow. I can readily see why he was always thinking of home; why war was so terrible for him. I know he was thinking of home one night in Cherbourg, a few short hours after D-Day.

The general was serving as military governor. Headquarters were in a crowded cellar. One oil lamp shed the only light. He sat behind his desk giving orders. Everyone was invasion-weary. We had been in the invasion of Africa, the Tunisian campaign, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Italy and Normandy.

Wearily, his voice almost in a whisper, the "old man" gave the password for the night. It was: "Wandering Father."

It was a reminder of home from a great officer who too many people thought loved to be at war. Nothing is further from the truth. It was evidenced at all times in his consideration for his men.

In the original African landing we were under terrific shell fire. The tendency of everyone was to keep ducking. The general said: "When you see me duck, that's the time for you to duck—let's move on!" At another time he declared: "Don't stand still and make yourself a target. If you keep moving they can't hit you."

Always with him was a prized cane.

One bitter cold morning, our jeep was sideswiped by another and the general lost his cane. We found it and as it was handed to him the "old man" said in a pleased tone,

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and Sergeant Kurt Show, Gen. Roosevelt's orderly, examine reports telling of the Legion's fight for enactment of the GI Bill of Rights



"On to the attack." He was waving the prized cane, in a fashion Lafayette might have waved a sword.

One day I was telling Mrs. Roosevelt about the cane. We fell into discussion of jeeps. She told me that the general had many things in common with his father, the twenty-sixth President of the United States. One thing in particular was their total lack of knowledge of mechanics.

It reminded me of a time when we were coming back from a visit to a friend of the general's in Algiers. The clutch on the car failed. The "old man" said: "Can't we do without it, can't we throw it away?" But he liked jeeps. They seemed to fit into his scheme of things.

Late in 1942, we held the heights around Oran but it had not yet surrendered. The general got into his jeep and announced he was going into the city and give them a chance to surrender.

"If I'm not back in three hours, give 'em all you've got," were his final words as he jeeped off with his aide. Shortly afterward, the city surrendered.

Since returning to the States, I have been surprised to find that even many close friends of the "old man" believed that he was never so happy as when he was fighting. It has been good to have Mrs. Roosevelt affirm my own thinking. She says he hated everything that had to do with war. He loathed the discomforts and being away from home. She added that she never had a letter from the general that he didn't talk about how wonderful it was going to be to get home.

One day when I was visiting Mrs. Roosevelt, she and I were talking about D-Day and the invasion of Normandy. The "old man" was with the first wave to go ashore about 6:30 in the morning. He spent the night on the boat. The last I saw of him was about 5:30 the night before.

"Don't worry, I'll see you on the beach," he said. I rejoined him about two and a half-hours after he landed. There was little time for reminiscences after that. But Mrs. Roosevelt told me, from letters, how the general jumped from the landing barge in waist-deep water; how he ran up the beach with shells falling all around; how "grandfather puffed a bit," to use his words. He never forgot for a moment that he was a grandfather at war.

Some friends of the family suggested that I write this about the general. It is a bit out of line for a soldier. But I had some public relations experience in an assignment following the death of the general. However, I knew him for only about three years. I have heard that no man is a hero to his valet, but I can say that Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was a hero to his orderly and will always be.

From visits with him by old friends, as I have mentioned, I knew of his great interest in The American Legion. I have had an opportunity to learn more of this interest since I came home on leave. In fact, at a luncheon with Mrs. Roosevelt and some of her friends several weeks ago, I was asked if the men in this

(Continued on page 37)



Lieut. Gen. Mark Clark pins the Legion of Merit on Brig. Gen. Roosevelt as Maj. Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther looks on



Protected by a camouflage net, the general relaxes on the bumper of his jeep as he reads the mail from home



Communications Interrupted

By Clarence Budington Kelland

"Strictly business," she said tersely, to his amazed whistle

SERGEANT MATT WILEY, his left chest blazing with ribbons, stepped off the train in Newtown to find his family affairs in a mess. He still limped slightly owing to an expression of Japanese esteem received over Leyte, and had looked forward eagerly to thirty days of rest and peace and quiet with his father and mother, but found nothing but illness and distress, worry and financial disaster.

"Oh, Mike," his mother said at the train, "I'm so glad you're home. So glad. But I don't know what you can do."

Mike grinned. "What," he asked, "have I got to do? Out where I come from we get our orders, ask no questions, and bring home the bacon."

"Your father is sick—more worry than physical illness. He's going to lose the mill and everything he's given his life to build up. Not his fault, Mike. Not lack of attention to business, nor mishandling of his affairs."

"What then?" Mike wanted to know.

"It's that Parker man who came in here two years ago and bought the old Woodenware Plant. He has war contracts. He has enlarged the mills, built houses for his employes and has grown until he runs the town and the bank and the people and everything in the county."

"But how does that hurt Dad?"

"Parker wants to put him out of business. He wants our timber. He wants complete control of all the timber within reach. He wants no other employer of labor here. He offered to buy your father out, but you know father. He wouldn't sell. There's a note for \$12,000 at the bank, and it will be due in two weeks. Things have happened at the mill. Machinery has broken down. Unnecessary labor troubles. Trains of logs running off the track. All sorts of accidents.

Then there's the contract. Another worry."

"What contract?"

"Your father made an agreement to deliver a huge order of veneer to the Worthington company. By a certain date. There was money in it, enough to save him and pull him through. But he hasn't been able to keep up his deliveries. They are threatening to cancel if he fails to make full delivery by March first. He never can do it, and that will be the end. Bankruptcy."

Mike rode home with his mother and sat for an hour at his father's bedside. His father was listless, hopeless, though pride did light his dull eyes for a moment when they rested upon the tall form and broad shoulders of his son. Mike patted his shoulder.

"Guess I better run down to the mill," he said, "and do a spot of reconnaissance."

"Too late, son," his father said, and closed his eyes. "Nothing to be done now."

"They tell us different in the Army," Mike said. "It looked as if we got a knock-out punch at Pearl Harbor. But we've done pretty well since. Maybe we're licked, but if we can keep the enemy from finding it out we may be able to hit him a wallop where it will hurt and turn the tide."

Mike walked down to the mill and climbed the stairs to the office. He walked past the enclosure where the bookkeepers worked and into his father's room. A girl sat at a small desk across from his father's big one. She had a mop of brown hair and a large mouth and brown eyes, and at first you thought she was not a desirable dish. That was because you could not see all of her and because she was frowning.

"Who," asked Mike, "is the head man around here?"

"We're fresh out of head men," she said tartly. "Where are you feeling pain?"

"Somebody must be running the show," he said.

"What running it's getting," she answered, "I'm giving it. And I'm busy. What's your business besides being a hero? Come to the point and scram."

He walked over to his father's desk and sat down, then he grinned at her and when he grinned it did something to you.

"There's a head man now," he said. "Name of Mike Wiley. Turret gunner of a B-29. Home to enjoy a furlough. Start helping me enjoy it. What's your name on the payroll?"

"Esther Jenks," she snapped. "What makes you think you can cut up capers?"

He grinned again. "Got to prove a point. Got to show the nation a soldier can drop into civilian life with a bang and work the combination. D-day has arrived. Lafayette, we are here. Let's commence."

"Modest!" said Miss Jenks.

"You're the intelligence department," he said. "Come through with information."

"You mean you're really going to tackle this mess?"

"On the surface, under the surface and in the air," he said.

She talked, succinctly, colloquially, intelligently. In half an hour he knew the facts, knew what he was up against, what resources the enemy had against him, and what he himself had to repel and make counter attack.

"Now maps," he said, and for another half hour they studied detailed maps of the county showing roads, farms, timber limits, logging roads, railroads.

"You can plan," she said, "till you choke. But what we need is a sackful of jack."

"Lady," he said, "you are now looking at the champion crap shooter of the Pacific area. I came home heavy. When I say 'come seven' it comes. To look at me you wouldn't believe I was a malefactor of great wealth with eighteen hundred and

seventy-six of Uncle Sam's bucks bulging in my wallet."

"It might as well," she said, "be a dime. I'm talking about important cash."

"Did you ever hear," he said, "that a dozen men, dropped on the right spot, can muss up the communications of a Division?"

She stood up and stretched. He changed his ideas about her. Maybe she was a bit eccentric as to features, but when it came to figure she could compete for the pin-up championship. He whistled. She lifted one brow and lowered the other.

"Strictly business," she said tersely.

Mike continued to pore over the maps with special reference to his father's timber holdings and the more extensive properties that had been acquired by Parker. He studied them, not as a businessman, but as a soldier memorizing the terrain upon which a battle was to be fought. He was thinking, not in terms of timber but in terms of strategy.

"You say Parker has bought that Mad-

dox town of timber?" he asked, pointing to the map.

"A month ago."

With earnest finger he traced the road from the Maddox timber to Parker's mills. "He'll have to bring it out this way, down to the valley. Crossing the river here. That's an old covered bridge, as I remember. No other possible way of getting out his logs."

"You know the country—I don't," said Miss Jenks.

"Let's go see, if the business can scramble along without you for a couple of hours."

They drove out of town to the westward and into the hills. The road followed the river, becoming rougher and rougher as it mounted. Ten miles out of town the little-used thoroughfare descended again to the river and then crossed a narrow, rocky gorge on a dilapidated wooden bridge.

"What you might call a bottleneck," said the sergeant.

"So what?" asked Miss Jenks.

Illustrated by RALPH CRAWLEY

"So," said Mike, "I'm going to call on this man Parker."

"He'll toss you out," she said.

"I hope so. You establish an advanced dressing station with bandages and splints and plasma to pick up the pieces, if it gets that bad."

They drove back toward town and up to the huge Parker mills. Mike left Miss Jenks in the car and entered the office, where he asked for Mr. Parker, giving his name. Presently the clerk returned with word that Mr. Parker would see him and he entered a room to see a large man with reddish hair touched with white sitting behind a desk. Parker looked up at Mike under heavy brows.

"Well?" he asked arrogantly.

"I'm Mike Wiley."

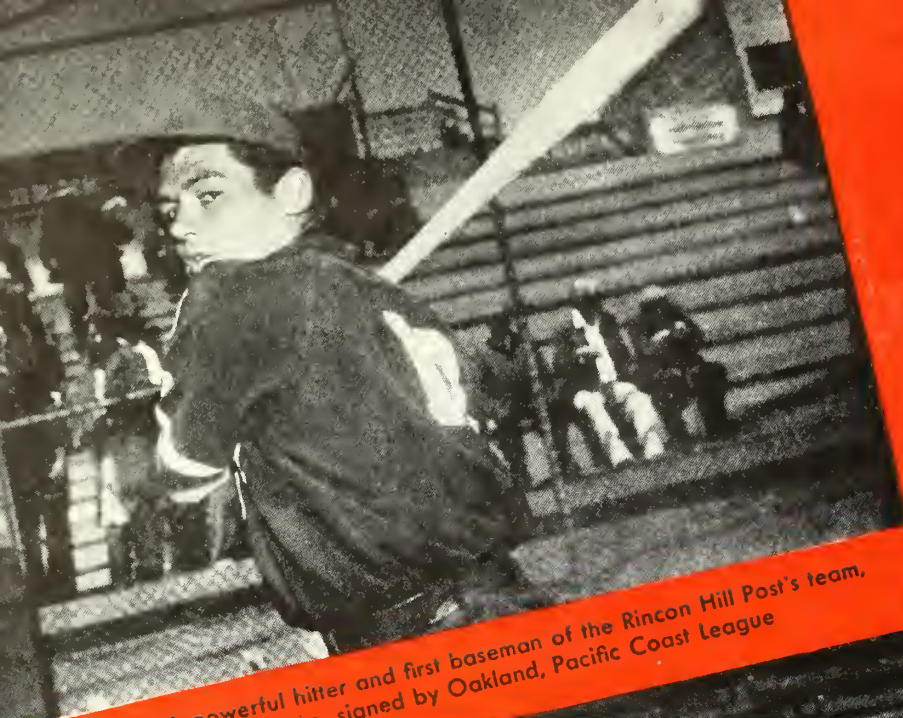
"What of it?" Parker asked.

"Just got home for a furlough," Mike said. "I find you're bearing down on Dad."

(Continued on page 38)



"All right, Wiley," he offered as the sergeant spread the map on the desk. "Say what you have to say and get out"



Vic Picetti, powerful hitter and first baseman of the Rincon Hill Post's team, San Francisco, signed by Oakland, Pacific Coast League



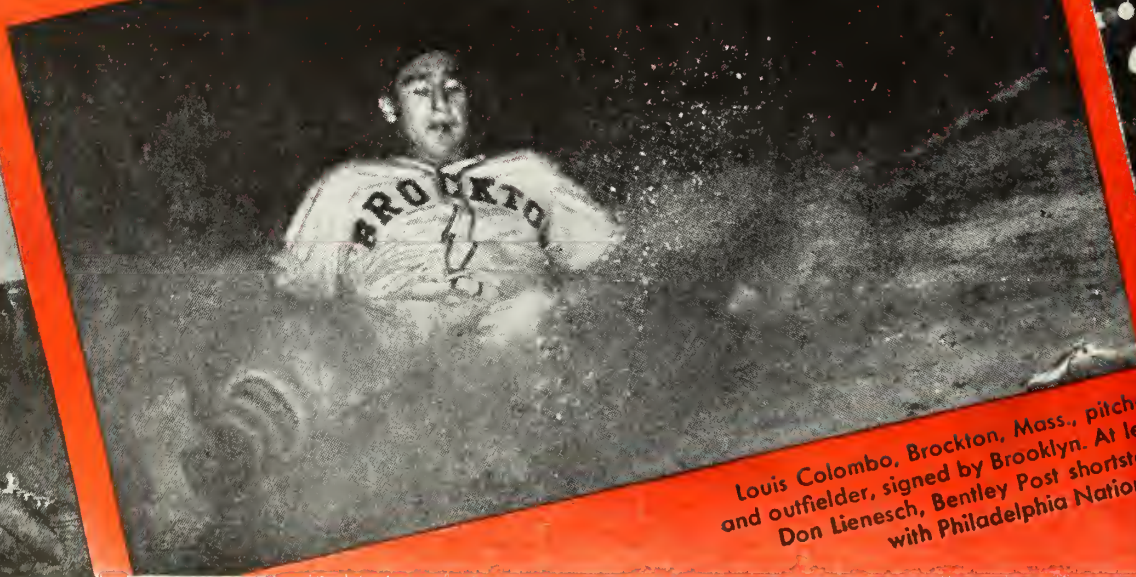
Herman Wehmeier, pitcher for the Bentley team, who also won a chance with the Reds



Southpaw pitcher Mason Leeper, Gastonia, North Carolina, Legion team, signed by Atlanta, Southern League

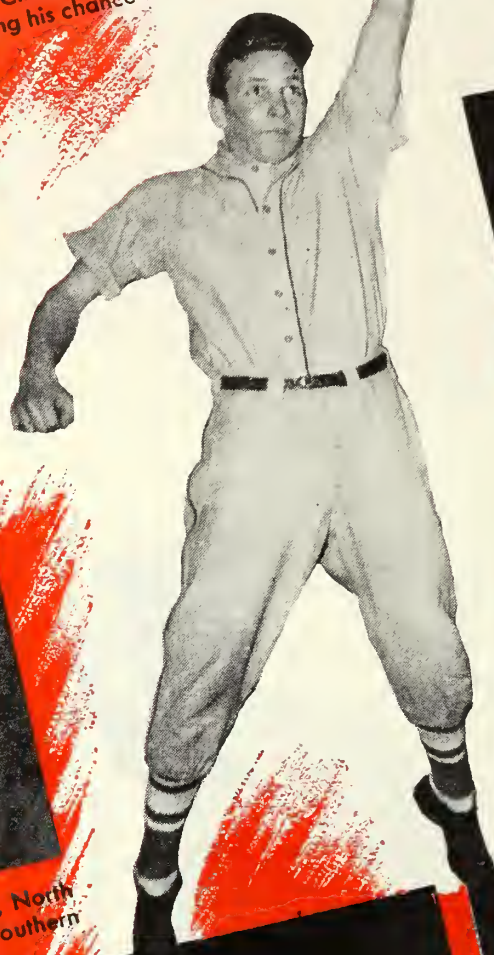


Don Lienesch, Bentley Post shortstop with Philadelphia National



Louis Colombo, Brockton, Mass., pitcher and outfielder, signed by Brooklyn. At left,

Third baseman Ralph Kraus of Bentley Post, Cincinnati, Legion Junior champs, getting his chance with home-town Reds



Big League Timber

The moral and financial support the two major baseball leagues have given to the Junior Baseball program of The American Legion, since its start in 1926, has brought good rewards to the game in general through the scores of Legion ball players who graduated to positions on minor and major league teams during the intervening seventeen years.

That baseball should continue during these war years is the consensus of public opinion, supported by the ten million men in uniform and by the President of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt recently stated that he is fully in favor of baseball's continuing, provided it does not require the services of healthy men who could be doing more useful war work. That player shortage, serious enough during the past two seasons, is particularly critical in this year of 1945, since many players who had been deferred under 4-F or other classifications are being taken into service.

There's the rub. Hundreds of players have entered service and managers have had to rely largely upon the 4-Fs and upon old-timers who have come out of retirement. With an estimate of 80 percent of the more than 3,500,000 boys who in their teens participated in Legion Junior Baseball since 1926 now in the armed forces, even that former reserve of prospective players is gone. That 80 percent of physical fitness, as compared with the general 30 percent rejection of eighteen-year-olds in the draft, speaks well for the Legion's program.

This year, however, the Baseball Commission set aside the ruling which denied to major and minor league teams permission to sign any boy to a professional contract until after he had graduated from Legion Junior Baseball. That lowering of the bars permitted the signing of sixteen- and

(Continued on page 44)



Hefty first baseman Dick Hollstegge of Bentley Post, with the Phillies

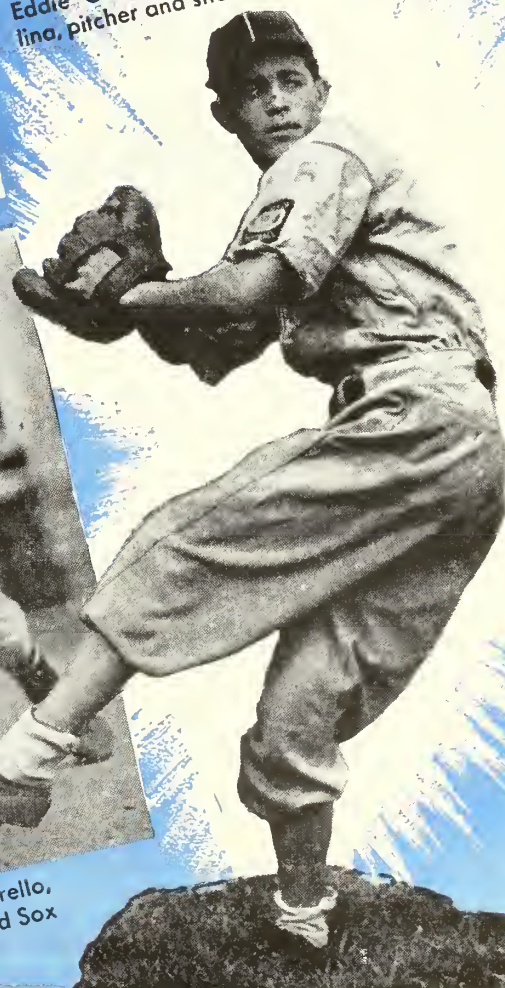
Eddie Gibson, Albemarle, North Carolina, pitcher and shortstop, Chicago Cubs



Chie Ashburn, Tilden, Neb., promising catcher corralled by Philadelphia Nationals



New Orleans' Frank Azzorello, pitcher, with Boston Red Sox





After the Nips Surrender

By RUPERT HUGHES

ONE OF THE strangest of all the strange things about war is that the men who make the wars are almost always more kindly disposed toward the enemy than the stay-at-homes who make the peaces.

There is something about good hard fighting that softens most good hard-fighting hearts towards an opponent after the struggle is over or during the rest-periods. This is as true of the battlefield as of the prize-ring and the gridiron.

Soldiers who meet under a flag of truce usually display an almost affectionate courtesy, though they are surrounded by the ruined bodies of their own dead. There is an Emily Post etiquette for the battlefield no less than the dining-room.

Of course there are boors and cads, dirty players and dirty fighters with bad battle-manners; but they are regarded with a peculiar contempt.

The feeling carries over into the final peace-terms. The harder the enemy has fought, the gentler the victor usually regards him. The severest terms proposed for Germany when she is finally conquered were those of the Secretary of the Treasury

Morgenthau, than whom as a military expert there are few than-whomers. He proposed that Germany should be stripped of all her enormous industries and scientific arts and reduced to a merely agricultural region.

The first protests came from our own soldiers overseas, not only because of the encouragement it gave to more desperate resistance, but because of its unfairness to an enemy whose brains and guts our armed forces had learned to admire as well as dread.

In the book "Towards an Abiding Peace," by Professor R. M. MacIver, the most elaborate plan I have seen is laid down for

In our January issue Carl Crow proposed that the Mikado be forced to attend the peace conference and sign the treaty. Mr. Hughes would have him remain as head of the Jap state as a constitutional monarch with a representative government

securing a permanent end to war. To me the most remarkable thing about the book is the professor's insistence that not one military man shall be permitted to sit in at the peace-table. None of the peace-table plans include any invitations to the men who have done the fighting. They will stink of the battlefield. They would also impose far less drastic terms on the conquered.

The problem of what to do with our Axis enemies grows more puzzling the nearer we come to victory. The peace-manufacturers also grow more belligerent among themselves. At present we are not in a very chivalrous mood toward either of our enemies. But we feel rather more ruthless toward the Japanese. This is doubtless because the jungle fighting has been much dirtier and more ruthless as well as because they differ so much from us in physical appearance, customs and psychology. We feel especially bitter toward the Japanese because of the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. We should feel less bitter if it had been less successful.

And yet the Germans have been far more
(Continued on page 33)

Leading Load Carrier *on Leyte*



From LST to GMC is the word of the day in this supply scene from the Leyte beach. Acme News photos.

*GMC Has Built More
than 475,000 Like It!*



The conquest of Leyte, accomplished in but 68 days, is a splendid tribute to the courage and efficiency of American fighting forces, not only on battle lines, but on supply lines as well. The photograph above tells part of the story of the gigantic job of supply. An even better understanding is provided by War Department estimates that overseas Armies are furnished with 700,000 different items of equipment and

supply . . . a ton a month for each man in combat. In the Leyte campaign . . . as at Salerno and Saipan, New Guinea and Normandy . . . the leading load carrier from beach to battle line was the Army's leading transport truck, the GMC 2½ ton "six-by-six." With its powerful "270" engine driving through all six wheels, it has proved to be as much at home in Pacific sand and swamp as in European mud and mire!

In addition to being one of the largest producers of military vehicles, GMC also manufactures many commercial trucks for essential users. Civilian GMCs have engines of the same basic design as the famous GMC "270" used in the Army's leading transport truck.

INVEST IN VICTORY . . .
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

**GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS**



HOME OF COMMERCIAL GMC TRUCKS AND GM COACHES . . . VOLUME PRODUCER OF GMC ARMY TRUCKS AND AMPHIBIAN "DUCKS"



"A \$2500 pistol—whew!
This friend of yours must
be quite a guy."

*"He is. That painting he just showed us is an original
Degas—knows a good thing when he sees it."*



"I put that down in my book—
the minute he brought out this
Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon!"

Walker's DeLuxe

These two words mean a great straight bourbon



Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

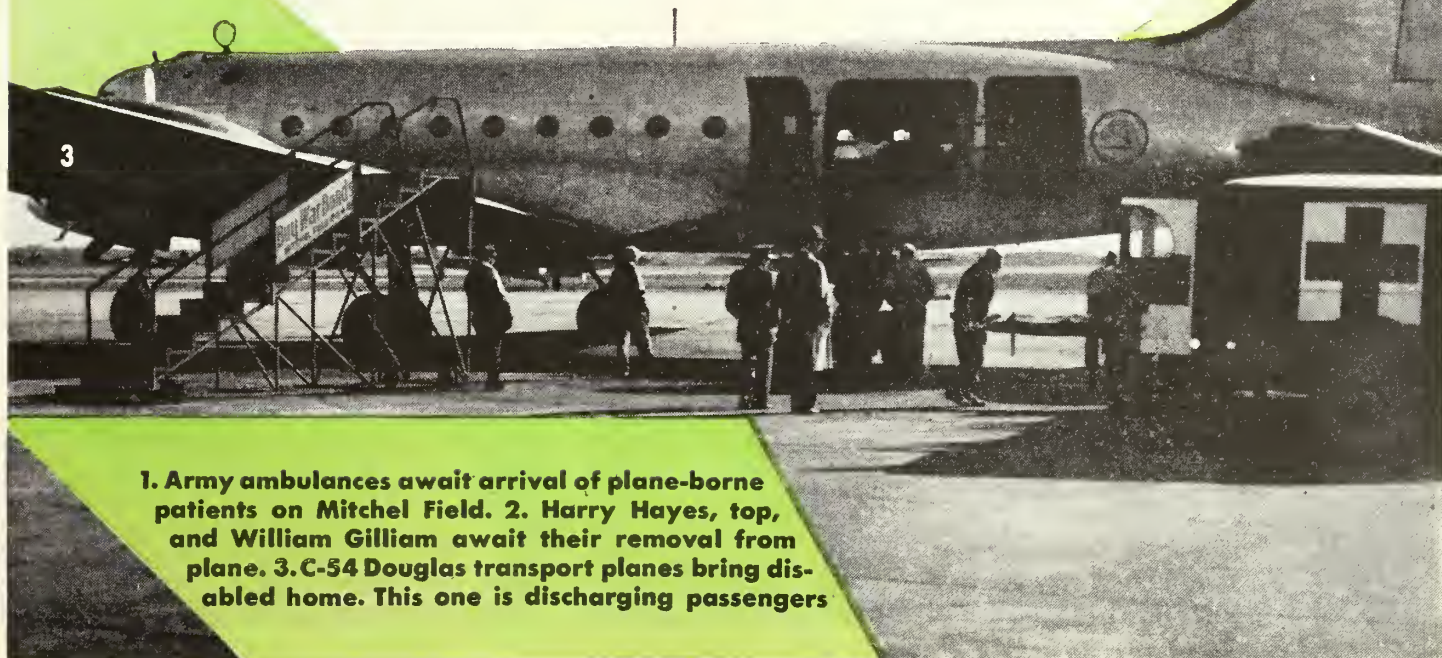
ON WINGS OF MERCY

By John J. Noll

Some of our heroic wounded are lucky enough to be brought back to America in huge C-54 Skymasters. Here's the story of how they're cared for once the ship comes in

"YOUR call to Akron is ready, Mr. Hall." The announcement from an attractive smartly-uniformed representative of the telephone company was my cue to interrupt a visit with Private Robert W. Hall and move on to others of the several score soldier patients who filled one ward of the sprawling New Cantonment section of the Regional Station Hospital at Mitchel Field, New York. When our party from the Legion Magazine entered the ward, we had seen this young woman, Miss Sylvia Holman of Rockville Centre, New York, busily engaged in jotting down in her notebook the calls that many of the men were placing to the folks at home.

I hesitated long enough to see the smile on Private Hall's face broaden as he took the telephone and began his "It's me, dear—I'm home!" conversation with



1. Army ambulances await arrival of plane-borne patients on Mitchel Field. 2. Harry Hayes, top, and William Gilliam await their removal from plane. 3. C-54 Douglas transport planes bring disabled home. This one is discharging passengers



T/Sgt. Ray Shafer, M. C., and U. Florence Mulligan, A. N. C., Flight Nurse, accompanied litter cases on homeward flight

A "litter lift" quickly and comfortably removes patients Kirby Patterson and Charles Powers from plane to field level



Medical Corps litter-bearers and volunteer Red Cross workers transfer Patterson from plane to ambulance



PFC Robt. H. Marks, 23, Johnstown, Pa., 101st Airborne, displays a typical glad-to-be-home smile



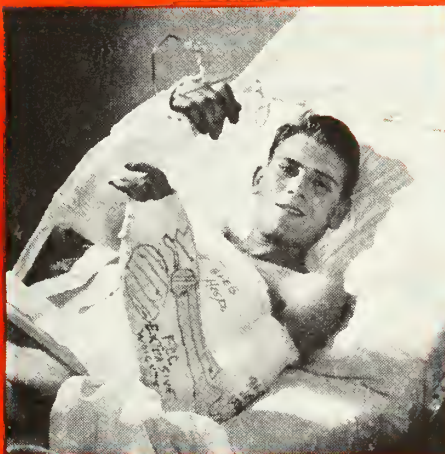
A back rub by WAC Teresa J. Sondstrom, Med. Tech., pleases F. W. Holdoway, 20, Terre Haute, Ind., Infantryman



C. E. Lewis, Evergreen, Texas, Infantryman, appreciates his book and WAC librarian Gretchen Danavan



That first call home. Pvt. R. W. Hall, Akron, Ohio, Infantry, is aided by hello-girl Sylvio Holman



J. E. Claybo, 22, Sevierville, Tenn., Co. aid man, Infantryman, may be down temporarily, but shows fine spirit



Ex-driver W. E. McNaughtan, Dallas, Texas, 8th Div. Hq., still relies on crutches for locomotion

his wife and two children in Ohio. That smile was almost epidemic among the patients on the ward. Those men and boys had returned to the States within the previous forty-eight hours—some of them, in fact, early that same morning—from battlefields all over the world. Though many bore serious wounds, most of them were smiling—happy just to be home again.

The men on this ward included infantrymen and tankmen and medics who had seen action in Belgium and France and Germany, flyers who had been over enemy territory on many missions—soldiers from every branch of the Army.

You may wonder, as I did, why men from these various services should be assembled in an Army Air Force hospital. The reason is that the Medical Department places on a priority list for evacuation to the United States by air, those patients who require specialized therapy, surgery, or treatment,

which is available usually at General Hospitals in the United States. The Medical Department has utilized Air Transport Command planes and pilots for this operation. With a remarkable record for safety, efficiency and speed, during the past fifteen months over 20,000 wounded and disabled soldiers, have been flown back to the States from hospitals overseas.

Nearly a third of the giant, four-engined C-54 Douglas transport planes—Skymasters—of the Division which carry vital supplies and ammunition and personnel to the war fronts across the Atlantic, are assigned to mercy missions on their return flights. Of the total passengers flown from foreign bases to New York City alone, twenty-nine percent have been our wounded and otherwise disabled soldiers.

Soldiers, scheduled for further hospitalization in the States, from every United Nations' front and theater of operations—

even as far off as Burma—are assembled by train, ambulance and smaller planes at "jump-off" fields where they are transferred to C-54s which in a matter of minutes can be converted into air evacuation ships. Barring delays due to unfavorable weather, these patients within less than a day of flying from the British Isles, the Continent of Europe or North Africa, are comfortably installed in the Hospital at Mitchel Field, which is a "staging center"—a point from which the men are distributed by plane to Army General Hospitals throughout the country.

With an average of a thousand patients a week being received at Mitchel Field on planes that arrive at all hours of the day and night, representatives of the Air Transport Command, and the officers and men of the Medical Corps assigned to the field are kept on twenty-four-hour alert.

(Continued on page 44)



What It's

By HAMILTON GREENE

SOME GUYS came in to see me and we had the radio on, and the radio said the Ninth and First Armies were going great guns. They'd busted through on the Cologne plain and crossed the Rhine in a dozen places. So many towns were taken, so many prisoners. My friends were happily excited, and they said things like "Now we're really going!" and "It won't be long now!" It's easy to feel that way when you're on this side of the Atlantic, as I am now.

I listened to the report with interest, but the happy, excited part somehow wasn't in me. I heard the triumphant words of the newscaster, but my mind was seeing something else. I was visualizing a bleak dawn, and the silent, bedraggled Joes pushing off in column across those muddy beet fields. I could see the misery of wet and cold in their bearded faces as they clung to the mud when the pillboxes began to chatter.

I saw these and other things—horrible, dirty things. But through this shifting vision of war's ugliness, what I could see most clearly were the faces of those countless muddy boys who, seeing my correspondent's insignia, had asked me with despair in their eyes, "Does anyone ever tell them the truth? Do they know what it's really like?"

Well, here I was, back home for a rest, and I'd had a chance to think a little, and so I turned this question over in my mind. Do the correspondents tell the truth? Do they tell the people at home what war is really like? Why does the combat soldier feel instinctively that his friends and family in the States get but a dim sense of the unutterable brutality of war—that they can't really see the war as he sees it?

God knows, the war is adequately cov-

ered by some of our finest newspaper men. And you can be absolutely sure that, as far as facts go, they do tell the truth. They fight continually to get every scrap of pertinent news through the regular censorship channels, so that we at home will know the score. They don't hold back disagreeable news for purposes of policy or morale. The American newscasters, newspapers and magazines give the most adequate coverage of accurate war news of any country in the world. But, at the same time, the news dispatches and feature articles do not—and in fact cannot—reveal with sufficient clarity the miserable, muddy, bloody face of war which is so horribly familiar to the Joes who fight it. And I realized, of course, that we couldn't tell what war was really like because there simply aren't the words with which to tell it.

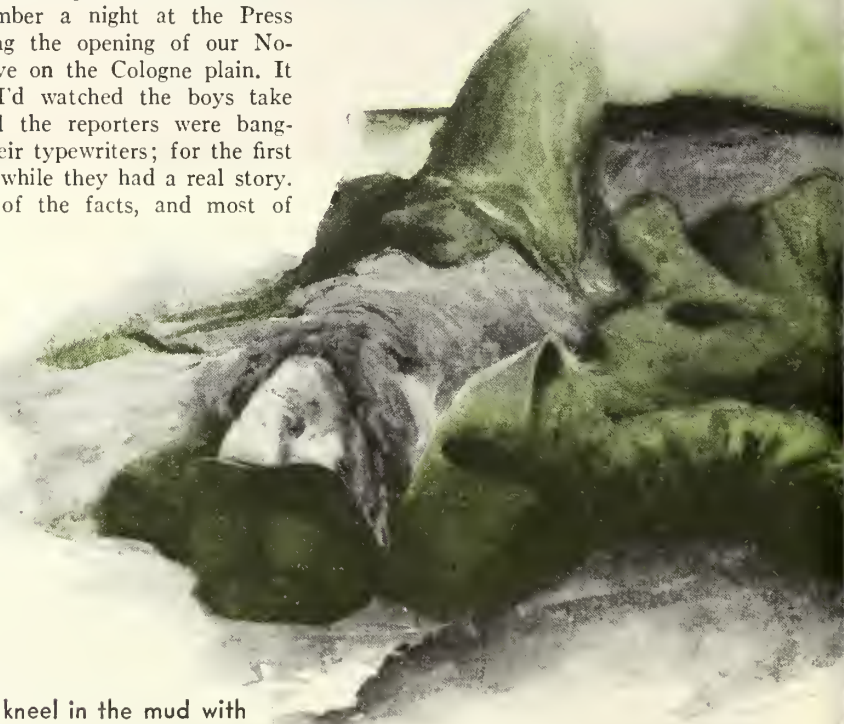
To the man in the field, the nightmare of war is one of feeling. It is a constant battering at his emotional resources. How can his view of war be indicated by a narrative of troop movements, by a statement of results accomplished? The pictures and movies can get a little closer to it, but words cannot describe it any more than words can convey the spiritual nature of a deeply religious experience.

I can remember a night at the Press Camp, following the opening of our November offensive on the Cologne plain. It was the day I'd watched the boys take Bettendorf. All the reporters were banging away at their typewriters; for the first time in a long while they had a real story. They had all of the facts, and most of

them had witnessed at least some of the action. I, of course, had no daily cable to file, so I just went up to my room and thought about it.

I thought of the men who were crouching in the cellars and foxholes in and around Bettendorf. I thought of one whole company who must be staring miserably at nothing, still under strain from the terrifying memory of an hour in the beet fields, when, with all their officers down and with no knowledge of what lay on either side or in front of them, they dumbly awaited the incoming mortar shells to blast them into oblivion. They had been pinned down, bewildered and confused, and an officer was sent out to them only just in time. I thought of those men, and knew that not one of the busy typewriters, audible in the room below, was telling the things those Joes must be thinking. The newsmen were simply stating, "American troops also occupied Bettendorf. . . ."

This is not intended as an indictment of the way correspondents write their stories. We write the facts, and describe the



"We see him kneel in the mud with his rifle ready and the fear of uncertainty written in his eyes"

Really Like



war, and we do it the best way we know how. But even when the reporters go beyond news as such, and write about special bits of stuff such as Gus so-and-so taking a pillbox, it never seems to me their stories convey the true feeling of what it was like. The hero yarns read like those sports juveniles in which dauntless Dick Merriwell wins for Old Fardale. If Gus's exploit is spectacular enough, or he has got the Silver Star out of it, the radio people will put the incident on the air, preparing a script that has drama dripping from every syllable. The musical score will help to load the emotional responses of the listener. Eyes will wet at the right moment, and in the end, pride in our heroic boys will swell the heart.

I honestly can see no other way for it to be done. And if Gus himself could hear it, he might mumble, "Yeah, it was something like that." But in a way that he can't quite explain, he knows that, to him, it wasn't really like that at all. The script would seem very out of focus with the way he remembered it. Because what he would remember would be, not the facts or the result, but the agony of soul that tore him apart as he did the job.

He would remember the sickening sound of the tinny voice of his company commander over the radio, ordering the work to be done; the gnawing uncertainty when he tried to figure the thing out. There had probably been no noise, no rolling cacophony of martial background to bolster his desire to do or die. In fact, there had probably been a ghastly, deadly, nerve-breaking quiet.

He would remember the guys that froze before they reached the spot where they could give him cover fire, and he would remember his face in the wet leaves as he fumbled for his grenades—his fight to control the corroding fear in his guts. And he would be a little confused after that as to just what happened, but he would see again with startling clarity the Jerry prisoner holding the spurting stump of his wrist, and the grotesque shape of the corporal bunched against the smoking rear door of the pillbox.

Yes, Gus would know what it was like. But, calling to mind that horrible all-gone minute of misery that was victory, would he remember having felt even for a second any sense of heroism? Any elation over a job well done? Any sense of brute conquest? He would, like hell. He would know only too well that he had felt just plain bloody awful.

As I say, we correspondents do what we can and do it the way the publishers and the public can understand it, but the sum total of our efforts, from the viewpoint of Joe himself, doesn't quite seem to ring the bell. We see and feel the hard knot of Joe's perpetual discomfort, the odious grime

(Continued on page 47)

Memorials that Live...

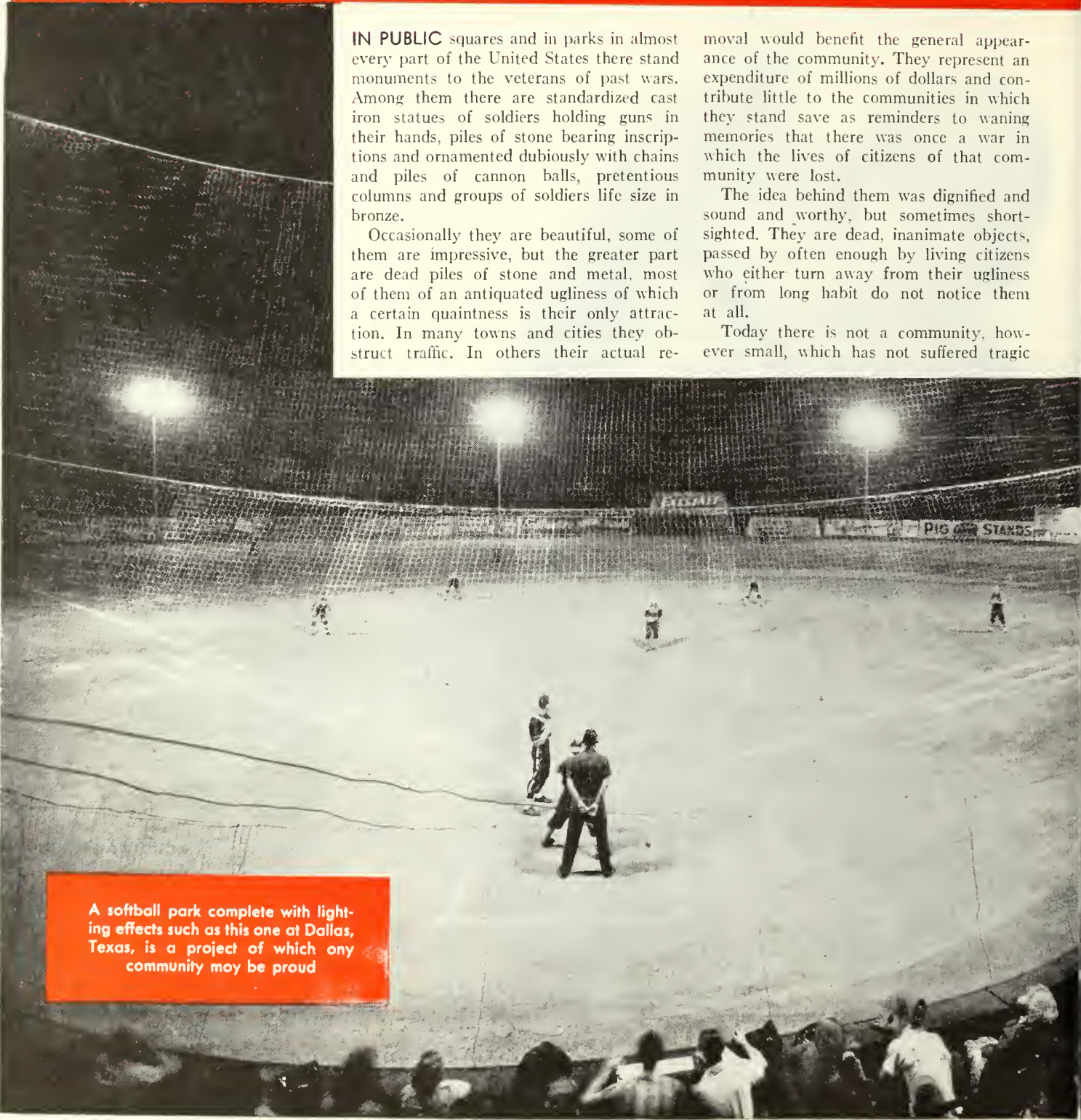
IN PUBLIC squares and in parks in almost every part of the United States there stand monuments to the veterans of past wars. Among them there are standardized cast iron statues of soldiers holding guns in their hands, piles of stone bearing inscriptions and ornamented dubiously with chains and piles of cannon balls, pretentious columns and groups of soldiers life size in bronze.

Occasionally they are beautiful, some of them are impressive, but the greater part are dead piles of stone and metal, most of them of an antiquated ugliness of which a certain quaintness is their only attraction. In many towns and cities they obstruct traffic. In others their actual re-

moval would benefit the general appearance of the community. They represent an expenditure of millions of dollars and contribute little to the communities in which they stand save as reminders to waning memories that there was once a war in which the lives of citizens of that community were lost.

The idea behind them was dignified and sound and worthy, but sometimes shortsighted. They are dead, inanimate objects, passed by often enough by living citizens who either turn away from their ugliness or from long habit do not notice them at all.

Today there is not a community, however small, which has not suffered tragic



A softball park complete with lighting effects such as this one at Dallas, Texas, is a project of which any community may be proud

A booklet, *Living War Memorials*, suggesting projects honoring the heroic dead and serving the living, may be secured from the National Americanism Commission at Indianapolis

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

losses in this war. There is not a community which does not plan to raise some sort of memorial to its heroic dead. And all of them are asking what sort of memorial it should be.

It seems to me that we should ask, more directly, what sort of monument would the boys have wanted if the choice had been left to them? Would they want a pile of stone or metal or would they prefer to be remembered among their friends and relatives at home by a memorial which was not merely a monument to death but one which lived and contributed something to the life and health and happiness of the community of which they were once a part? Would they want a pile of stone or

would they prefer a living forest, a stadium, a swimming pool, a lake, or a wild-life sanctuary—something which in a way represented the things they loved while they were alive. The great majority of them liked the out-of-doors life, swimming, fishing, hunting, games. That was part of being young and strong and healthy as all of them had to be who lost their lives.

I think our hearts and our memories of these boys tell us the answer. Indeed, the answer has been heard already from thousands of communities and clubs and organizations all over the United States. It is, "This time let us raise living monuments to our dead!" It is a spontaneous cry. It has arisen from all parts of the nation.

In response to that demand the American Commission for Living War Memorials came into being with headquarters in Columbus, Ohio. The Commission is an adjunct of the National Committee on Physical Fitness of the Federal Security Agency. It is made up of a group of public-spirited citizens and is supported by voluntary contributions. It is more than simply a propaganda organization. It is prepared with plans and practical advice for communities of all sizes from the smallest village to the

largest city. It has issued a brochure with information concerning camps, reservations, trails, ponds, playgrounds, open playing fields and stadiums, indoor sports centers, community physical fitness centers, development of water fronts, dams, lakes, forests, water sports centers—other projects which are considered living memorials.

The implications of the living war memorials are vast indeed. They include civic improvements, better bodies, better health, as well as a daily and even hourly reminder to the young and the middle-aged and the old who will use them of the sacrifices made for the community and the nation by those who died. Instead of being inanimate piles of stone, they will contribute vastly to the health and welfare of the nation.

Statistics compiled by Selective Service concerning the physical fitness of our young men came as a shock to the average American, who took it for granted that Americans were a nationally healthy people and that our young people had the highest possible record for fitness. Something under fifty percent of volunteers and draftees proved fit for military service. In one State the percentage fell to thirty per-

(Continued on page 34)



Camps at which city dwellers may disport themselves or relax in the flavor of all outdoors are ideal war memorials



Comes Marching Home to What?

An interview by D. M. Hubbard with

FOWLER McCORMICK

President, International Harvester Co.

The action Business must take in getting jobs for returning veterans, by an executive whose company's record shows he practices what he preaches

AT FORT SHERIDAN a few weeks ago the Army gave an honorable discharge to a young soldier who figured that he wouldn't have to look far for the job he wanted. Nearly all his service had been as a food inspector at QM depots. Long before he was shipped back to the States he decided that what he wanted to do after he left the Army was go to work as a meat inspector.

Once he regained his civilian status, it did not take him long, to head for Chicago's stockyards. He had no difficulty getting several interviews. There were jobs open, too, but not the job he wanted.

A man doesn't start in for Armour, Swift or any of the other big meat packers as a meat inspector. He works up to that. Plenty of men are willing to serve what amounts to an apprenticeship of a considerable number of months in order to get in line for such a job. Only the man who got the job would be happy if a personnel manager or a superintendent were to hire him as an inspector while twenty or thirty eligible men stood by and watched. That's the sort of material out of which the fabric of enormously expensive labor troubles is woven.

The 22 year-old veteran left the Yards discouraged over the way in which his job hopes had been shot down. He was lucky enough to have someone advise him to stop in at the offices of the Veterans Information Bureau of Metropolitan Chicago, where he talked with Ed. Thorney, the director. Mr. Thorney urged him to forget about the job he wanted—forget about it for a little while at least, and learn at the expense of the Government to be a veterinary. The ex-soldier didn't know much about his GI rights to an education. They had explained a "lot of stuff" to him at the Post while he was waiting to be discharged. But he was thinking too much then about getting out of the Army.

Now he's on his way back to school but he's headed for a career. If he sticks to the program laid out for him, he'll go to work for one of the meat packers before too long. And he'll start in higher up than a meat inspector.

Business wants to help the returned veteran and will help him. It is glad to see him back home. It is proud of him and the record he has made. It wants him to land a job, as good a job as possible, because that is the principal thing business can offer him.

It has rarely been true that our soldiers, sailors and marines returning home from

(Continued on page 50)



The Dead Always Walk

By Albert Richard Wetjen

Drawing by PERCY LEASON

I WAS TALKING TO a sailor the other day, an old friend who is now a second mate in the Merchant Marine. He was just in from an Atlantic crossing and was on leave, relaxing; except he wasn't relaxed. The last time I had seen him he was pretty jubilant about how the crossing wasn't so much a matter of life and death now, since the U-boats had been brought under control. A man, he said, could even take a chance and undress at night, instead of turning in all-standing with a Mae West jacket, and his nerves all tight for an ever possible torpedo. Now all that was back, for the U-boats were hunting again. So my friend was pretty grim.

"They were tough times in the old days," he said, somewhat underestimating the matter. He'd been on the early suicide runs to Murmansk, when the subs ran in packs, and if half a convoy got through it was lucky. He'd seen tanker crews swimming around in flaming oil, and he'd picked up screaming men blown half apart. Those on torpedoed ships too often perished in the icy waters, or under shell-fire when the Jerries gunned even the lifeboats. And now the prospect

of all that was back again. No, he didn't feel relaxed on this leave. He knew what he was going back to, and like any normal man he didn't crave it. He'd do his job all right, because it just had to be done, but it wasn't funny. The mortality rate in the Merchant Marine is plenty high.

"I guess we just miscued on the subs being finished," he said, shrugging. "Well, we've done considerable miscuing in this war, and we might as well admit it." He stared at his hands for a moment and they were badly scarred and a little twisted. You don't pull men from the inferno a bomb leaves on a ship's deck without gathering mementos. But he didn't speak of that. "You know," he said, quietly, "I was offered a shore job this time. A swell job behind a desk. Nice and safe. I was even figuring I'd maybe earned it. But I dunno.

By Proclamation of President Roosevelt, May 22d has been designated National Maritime Day, to honor the men of the Merchant Marine for their part in speeding victory

"We picked an old guy off a raft last trip, pretty well banged around. Only survivor. No water or food for days . . . you know. He was grayer than I am and older. Been away from the sea nearly ten years, until this show broke. Had his own store somewhere in the Mid-west. Had a family. All he had to do was sit tight and ride it out. But he shipped instead! Maybe just sea-hungry. Maybe it was because of patriotism. I dunno.

"Bombed under by planes once; torpedoed three times. That was his record. Like me he figured this time he'd about earned the right to quit. But then this new flock of subs started in and blew up some ship he had a lot of buddies on, and I guess that made him mad. You get that way about shipmates. So, last I heard he'd shipped again. And that's about how I feel. Might as well see the job through. And anyway I can't let that old guy stay one up on me. He's been tin-fished three times and I've only had it twice. One to go yet."

(Continued on page 32)

From Foxholes

By

PFC Bob Ensworth

HE HAD LOST an arm at Palermo. Yet from a stretcher in Italy the American rifleman wanted to applaud. Feeling better, he pounded his one good hand against his bandaged chest to show appreciation for "Egg In Your Beer."

Two hours before jumping into action 1300 paratroopers eased their tense nerves with the same medicine. Even the Japanese took a dose of "Egg In Your Beer" with America's best wishes. They were the ridiculed Japanese-Hawaiian Division, U. S. Army, killing Nazis in Europe.

"Egg In Your Beer" is a soldier show. Never heard of it? You will . . . from a million fighting Yanks! Combat troops have turned combat troupers, and here's a battlefield report on the strangest stage comedy of the war.

The only GI show ever to be "missing in action"—that's "Egg In Your Beer"! Thirteen of the khaki cast wear the Purple Heart! These battle-wounded casualties pulled themselves up from frontline hospitals to provide laughs for their bed-ridden buddies. And the Infantry actors made a smash hit. Today "Egg In Your Beer" is the first soldier show brought back to America after being formed and staged overseas.

On the homefront you may soon applaud the same musical once given atop train boxcars in the African desert. Your sons saw these doughboys dance on the roof of a shell-blasted garage in Naples, heard them sing beneath Mussolini's very own balcony in Rome. Now the hero comedians will tour "The States," but they can never forget Tunisia and the hell of Hill 609. It was there that German bombs gave birth to "Egg In Your Beer"!

During the bloodiest engagement in Tunisia the Nazis *boosted* Allied morale by shooting up an American sergeant. The enemy knocked Infantryman Fred Valdez out of the fight near Fondouk—then wished they hadn't. His leg injuries eventually brought fun to foxholes throughout the whole Mediterranean war zone.

Hospitalized, the Sarge fought ward blues by composing a catchy song entitled: "Egg In Your Beer." A month later the Valdez



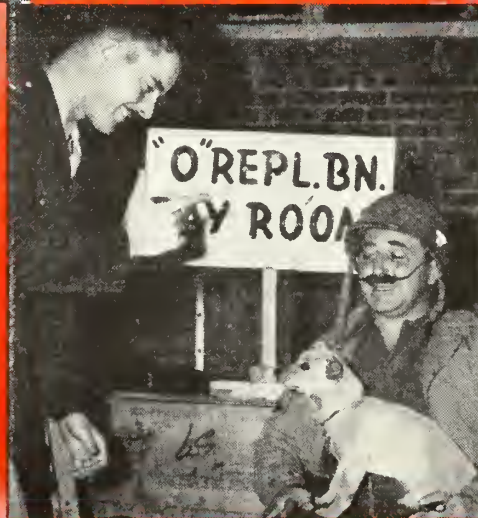
Sgt. Duke Rezac, lightning cartoonist, causes comedian Cy Marsh to swoon at his sketch of Gertie from Bizerte



Home again, clarinetist Fudie Venesio, wounded in Italy, serenades his brother, Al, in Langley Field base hospital



Bandleader-pianist Sgt. Fred Valdez and writer-director Sgt. Randall Henderson hold a pre-opening conference in Tunisia



"Eggy," show mascot, held by his boss, Pvt. Carl Hoffman, looks gratefully at Lt. Hurley Weaver who got him aboard homebound ship

to Footlights

Written, composed, produced and performed by ex-fighting GIs in the Mediterranean area, "Egg in Your Beer" with its all-fighter cast now tours this country

tune was the theme for an entire GI theatrical entertainment.

Trench riflemen like Commando Kelly were to cheer that show, and later even General Mark Clark personally tossed a sincere salute at Sergeant Randell Henderson. He's the serviceman who somehow wove a whole stage production around Valdez' music. Congratulations from a General count, but the "Egg In Your Beer" producer treasures more just six smiles. A half-dozen shell-shocked Yanks lay in a hospital tent in Sicily. Army medics say the entertainers visiting those casualties "brought them back to life."

Henderson, an Army Special Services overseas veteran, began writing action-packed theater history when he penned some humorous lyrics for Sergeant Valdez. Pocketing the new musical score, he followed an old Army custom. He took it to the chaplain.

The padre at the chapel laughingly admits: "Henderson talked so fast, I agreed to sponsor a complete Tunisian tour for what was only a ballad and a brainstorm. I'm one church Major who became an 'angel' . . . by backing that soldier show. I still wonder how Broadway talent sprung up right there in the desert."

Sergeant Duke Rezac and all the other "Egg In Your Beer" performers know how they appeared like magic for auditions in Africa. They know where they came from. From combat!

Rezac was convalescing nearby after crushing Rommel in a tank-destroyer crew. While recovering he was drawing buxom pin-up girls on canvas tank covers. Before Pearl Harbor he was a lightning cartoonist with a nightclub art act in Miami. The hot sketcher was signed for "Egg In Your Beer."

Painful trench feet had struck down Private Jimmy Sweeney, a radio impersonator. The Auburn, New York, youth was a medical aide under deadly fire at Mount Cassino. When still in "civvies," on April 21, 1941, his imitations had won a Major Bowes amateur hour and made him manager of a Bowes unit trouping the nation. Private Sweeney did take-offs on Walter Winchell and Clem McCarthy to mug and mimic his way into a part with the new Infantry show.

Sergeant Fred Carney slipped through bombing raids and sand storms for a tryout in a hospital. Carney was with the Maurice Evans troupe in civilian life as a Shakespearean actor. But "Egg In Your Beer" needed a khaki comedian, so he deserted "Hamlet" for ham.

Meanwhile, Musician Valdez—with his chaplain behind him—encircled and took the entire 105th Army Hospital Band near Tunis. He at last had a 13-piece orchestra to play "Egg In Your Beer" and five other tunes just written for the theatrical.

No less than 133 stage-struck Joes charged talent scouts. Thirty-seven top-notchers were handpicked for the final lineup. Sergeant Henderson went to



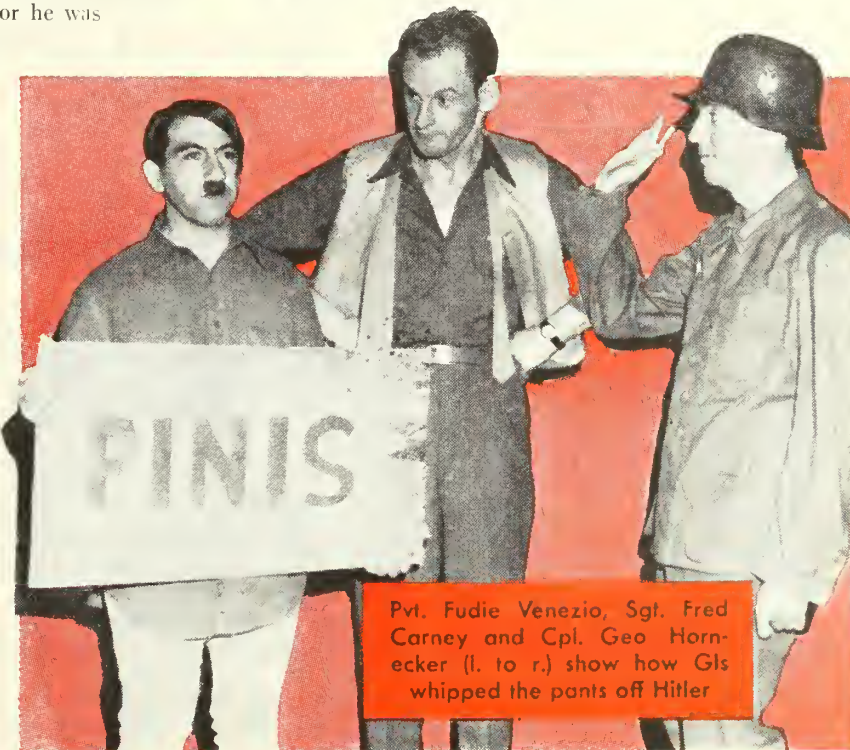
It's a men-only cast, so Sgt. Tony Grounds does the "Hi-Broomba" rhumba with a sweeping, frontline GI version of pin-up girl Betty Grable

work on the "book" or story. Sergeant Bob. Fleischer from the overseas edition of *Stars and Stripes* was called in to collaborate. The peppy musical comedy plot for "Egg In Your Beer" was then concocted over an old bottle of Eau de Vie—a Tunisian version of high-octane gasoline.

March 18, 1944, was "D-Day" for the decorated doughboys. "Debut Day!" After hardly a week's rehearsal, the production opened at the Casino Theater in Bizerte.

They rang up the first curtain in "a shell-hole with a staircase." Even so, the opening night ovation was louder than an artillery barrage. Brass hats quickly booked "Egg In Your Beer" for a six weeks' engagement in North Africa. Mateur, Ferryville, Oran . . . everywhere GIs popped sun-tan buttons laughing. Here were antics

(Continued on page 42)



Pvt. Fudie Venezia, Sgt. Fred Carney and Cpl. Geo. Horn-ecker (l. to r.) show how GIs whipped the pants off Hitler



Writing letters home was the first order of business on deliverance day at Bilibid. Similar scenes were enacted as Cabanatuan, Santo Tomas and Los Banos were taken by the Yanks

Free of Los Banos

By **BOYD B. STUTLER**
American Legion War Correspondent

NEARLY 200 First World War veterans and nearly as many of their sons were among the 2200 Americans and allied nationals liberated from the Los Banos internment camp in the daring and spectacular commando raid by elements of the 11th Airborne Division. The hit-and-run strike was made shortly after dawn on Feb. 23d, when the air soldiers, reinforced by infantry and tank destroyer units, "threw the book" at the Nips. The Jap guards were caught completely by surprise and were disposed of in a fight lasting but a few minutes. Within an hour of the arrival of the advanced patrols the internees were packing their belongings, and two hours later they had all been taken out of the burning camp to the beach of Laguna de Bay, across which they were convoyed to safety. A long line of trucks and ambulances was ready there to take them to the area of the 41st Field Hospital, commanded by Col. Robert Allen, Mt. Carmel, Pa., where a rest camp center had been set up.

The entire operation, from initial assault until the finish, was completed in about twelve hours. Despite light artillery and machine-gun fire by the enemy, American

losses were held to two killed and four wounded. The Japs killed numbered 243.



The last corn meal mush the Seater family ate in the just-freed Santo Tomas camp. Shortly afterward U. S. food supplies became available

Los Banos, fourth of the civilian-internment camps to be freed of Jap control, was about forty miles southeast of Manila, about two miles from Laguna de Bay. Some 7,000 American and allied nationals were rescued from the four camps of Cabanatuan, Santo Tomas, Bilibid and Los Banos.

Included among the liberated civilians of Los Banos were many Legionnaires. Jim Neal, Belvedere Gardens (California) Post came out of the camp wearing his Legion cap, the only head covering left to him after his three years' internment. Another Legionnaire rescued was J. M. Shurdut, Second Vice-Commander of the Philippine Department, whose home in the United States is Brookline, Mass., but who has been in the Philippines for nearly 25 years. "We've been waiting for this day for three long years!" Shurdut exulted. "It's the greatest day in our lives. We knew the Americans were coming and felt that they'd arrive soon. We can hardly realize that we are free again."

"It was not possible to maintain our Legion organization in the internment camp because of the heavy restrictions placed on
(Continued on page 32)

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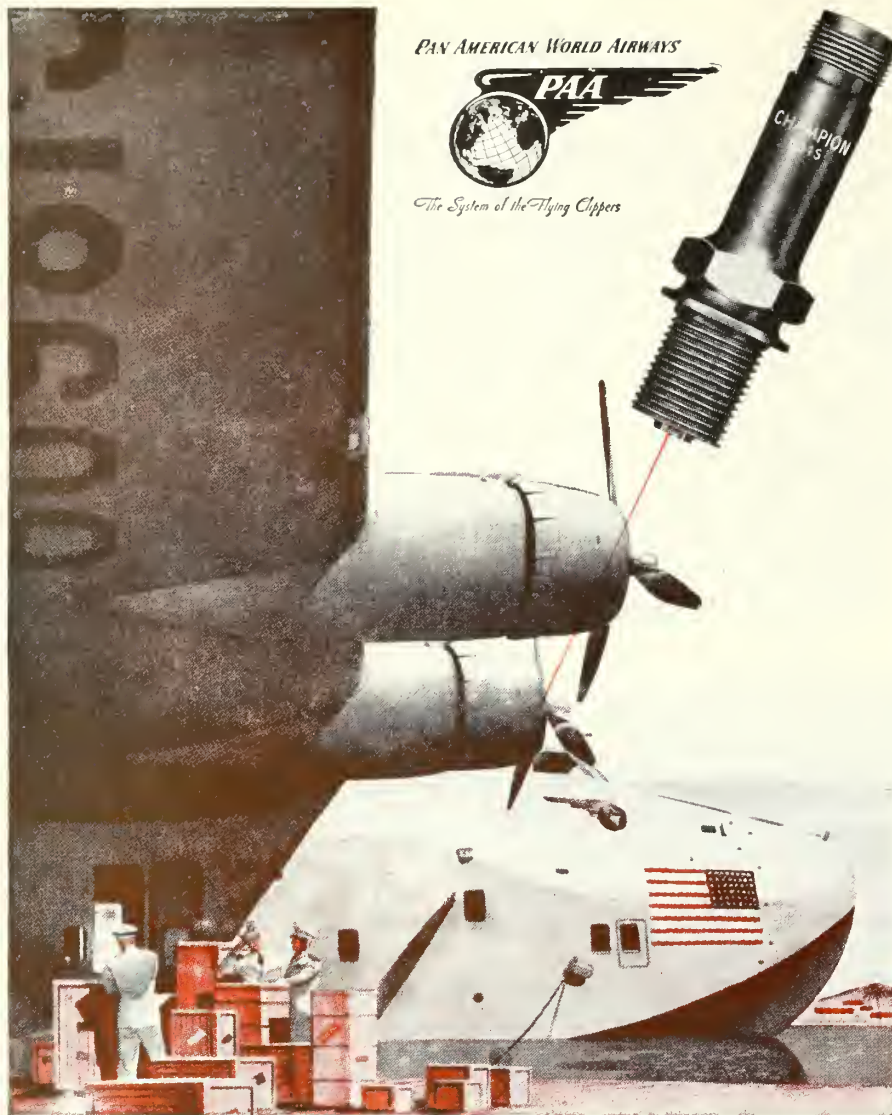


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LOS BANOS

(Continued from page 30)

us by the Jap guards. Now that we're free again the work of reorganization will begin as quickly as possible."

Legionnaires S. C. Kingsbury, member of a San Francisco Post who fought with the Marines in the last war, and Charles Wilder of Lexington, Ky., also an ex-Marine, told of paying fantastic prices for various articles of food.

"I'm sort of a hard luck guy," said Jim Neal, his Legion cap perched at a jaunty angle on his head. "I came to Manila in the September before the Jap invasion as assistant superintendent of the Pacific Naval Air Base. The Japs caught me and I'm still here."

"We were able to keep up with the movement of the American forces until a week or so ago," remarked Leslie D. Robinson, member of Honolulu Post of the Legion.

T. N. Jordon, Manila Post member whose home in the U.S. is Los Angeles, told of the deterioration of food rations at Los Banos. "When we first came to the camp," he said, "the food was fairly good. But the Jap authorities kept cutting the rations little by little, until in the last few weeks before our rescue it had almost reached the vanishing point. We supplemented the little handful of grain they allowed us each day with such green stuff as we could find—camote tops, banana tops, and we even improvised a salad in which the principal ingredient was pigweed. It tasted good. We all lost a good deal of weight."

Jordon, who left Boston University in 1917 to fight with the Sixth Marines in France, had been in Manila for several years in the insurance and mining business.

Other Legionnaires liberated by the raiders were John Cochran and H. H. Keys of Manila Post, and Joe O. Brock of Dallas, Texas.

THE DEAD WALK

(Continued from page 27)

I said after a while. "But tell me, out of all of it, what sticks to you most anyway?" He looked at me and laughed. The men who have done the old Merchant Service job of getting things into ports . . . war or peace . . . have in these days developed a curious sort of laugh. Like the men who have sweated in the fox-holes of the Pacific or shivered under the icy rain in the mud of France. There's no humor in it. You don't go through hell and the iron sea and feel very humorous about it. That's the way my friend, the second mate, laughed. Hard. Without mirth.

"The dead," he said. "That's what sticks most."

"You'll forget it . . . a bit . . . in time," I said, without much conviction. "Time's a greater healer. The boys everywhere are go-

ing to feel pretty sick for a while when they get back; but they'll forget . . . a bit . . . in time." I felt a little useless. It's awkward to talk to a man who is just back.

My friend stared at his scarred hands and laughed again, that laugh that wasn't a laugh. "You don't forget . . . even in time," he said, quite as if I didn't know. "Maybe that's why I'm shipping again. The desk job can wait." He wasn't trying to be dramatic. He was just stating facts. I looked at the ribbons on his uniform jacket, one of them of Merchant Service's highest award for bravery, and I thought there wasn't much else to say. A Distinguished Service ribbon closes any debate. But when my friend left he added one last remark to explain himself:

"Maybe we do seem to forget . . . outwardly," he said. "But the dead always walk in your mind!"

And that, possibly, is something for America to remember when the boys come back. They will never forget . . . quite. For the dead will always walk in their minds.

NIP SURRENDER

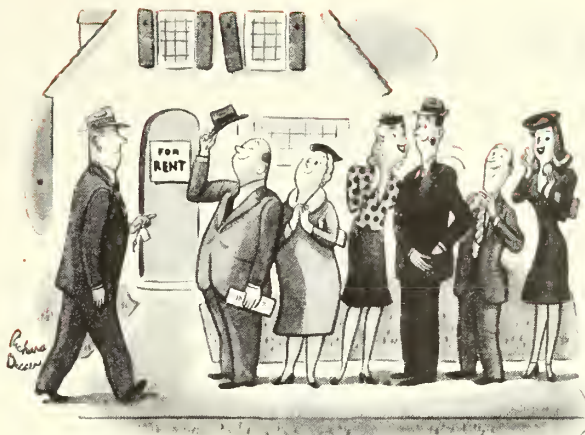
(Continued from page 16)

rutless and barbaric. The Japanese have been more deadly to themselves than to us. Their code of hara-kiri has resulted in such figures as those on Leyte: 116,000 killed, 300 prisoners. These make a remarkable contrast with the hundreds of thousands of German prisoners. The Japanese have dealt infamously with the Chinese and other peoples. They treated our prisoners taken at Bataan and Corregidor infamously. But they have not approached in cruelty or number the worst atrocities of the Nazis.

Many eminent personages advise the destruction of all Japanese industry as well as the war-making power. After World War One we highly resolved to cripple the Huns' war-making powers forever; then lent them big money to pay us the reparations we imposed. Next we numbly watched them use our funds to build themselves a war-machine of far greater power than the old one. We knew what tricks they were up to, but nobody interfered.

I know of none whose opinion should carry more weight than that of my distinguished Filipino friend, Vicente Villamin, an economist and an attorney in Los Angeles and Washington. He is the brother-in-law of the military leader, General Lim, who was taken prisoner at Bataan.

Mr. Villamin has written much on the subject of post-war dealing with the Japanese and their emperor. As for the belief "that the liquidation of the emperor would cleanse Japanese life of the poison that muddles the mind and differentiates the Japanese from the rest of mankind," he points out that the emperor, "institutionally stable, spiritually potent, and personally the richest Japanese, is believed to be really on the side of the democratic elements in the nation."



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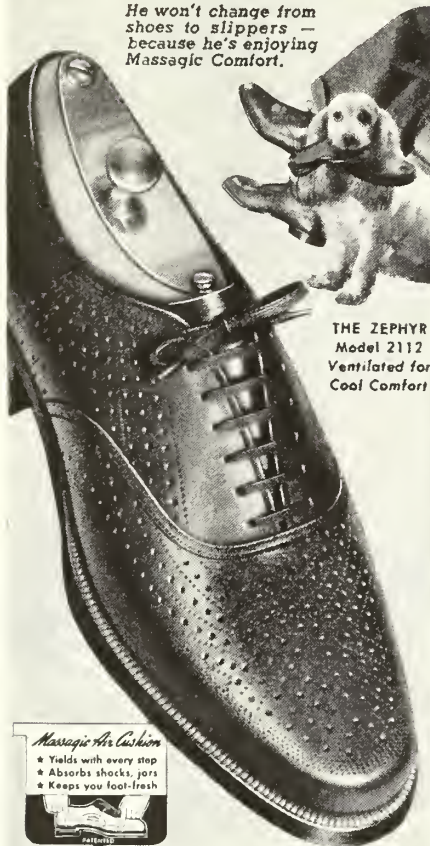
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Mr. Villamin is convinced that the emperor should be kept in power as a constitutional monarch with a representative government. He argues that "without the Emperor's unifying influence, the democratization of Japan would be fraught with the dangers that overtook the democratic régime in Germany after World War One and brought forth the fanatical Nazis."

Against the idea of destroying the emperor's prestige, he urges that "his disappearance might cause such disturbance in the Japanese mind that it might greatly weaken the morale of the whole people. They might even go berserk and commit mass hara-kiri. . . . Or they might murder the prisoners and the civilian internees."

The emperor, he points out, is the god of the people. "He is more than the Defender of the Faith that the British King is and has more spiritual influence than the Pope has on the Catholics. Shintoism and Emperor-worship may be nothing but clap-trap invented 77 years ago to promote national solidarity; but to the Japanese it is actually a deep-seated feeling that influences him more profoundly than a devout non-Japanese is swayed by his religion."

So Mr. Villamin pleads for the "non-liquidation of the Emperor and the re-definition of his functions." He advises us to use him for democracy and peace and to tell the Japanese of our intentions. He believes that this might well "lead them to see the light and give up in unconditional surrender for the good of the people."

MEMORIALS THAT LIVE

(Continued from page 25)

cent and in others it was but little better.

To find a higher level of national physical fitness, indeed the highest, one is forced to turn, however reluctantly and resentfully, to Germany. Enemy or not, one was forced to admire the superb physical health and strength of the great proportion of Nazi young people. Undoubtedly that physical health and toughness has made it possible for Germany to resist many months longer than she could otherwise have done.

This is so not because the Germans are a master race or because of any special diet. The first point is ludicrous. Her native stock is no better than the biologically mixed American stock. The answer to the fitness of these tough, healthy young people one saw everywhere in Germany before the war lay in deliberate planning for health and strength, and the basic principle of the plan was founded upon out-of-door life and sports.

There is no harm in borrowing wisely from an enemy or a conquered nation. We are, economically and physically, approaching the status Europe has known for 500 years. We need to do something about health and recreation. We need to consider planned programs and facilities. What better way to begin than with me-

These seem to me to be counsels of real wisdom. We do not have to love the Japanese to appreciate that a sincere peace with a pacified nation means the saving of numberless American lives and infinite treasure.

What worries me most is this: we know the Japanese pretty well, to our cost, and we know pretty well what to expect of them. But what are our allies going to do?—especially the Russians.

The Russians did not consult us about what they intended to do with Poland, and all the other nations alongside their immense western frontier, any more than they consulted the Poles and the rest as to what they wanted done to them.

About the time we get the Japanese down for the final count, won't the Russians intervene and pick them up and protect them from us? After all, the Japanese are their nearest Eastern neighbors and the Russians have been good friends to them all through the long war.

If Uncle Sam falls asleep in the barber-chair he is likely to wake up and find that he has had more than his chin whiskers cut off.

Up to now we have looked eastward for our wars. Now Uncle Sam must be Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. It seems to me highly probable that Russia and Japan will decide to continue their pleasant alliance and that our next thrilling riddle will be what to do with the Russo-Japanese-Italian-German partnership when it decides what to do with us.

memorials that will mould the future health and the strength of the nation as a whole? It is not only a question of physical but of mental and even sexual health.

WHAT better memorial could the men who have died for their country desire than one which would contribute to its health, strength and greatness? They would not be interested in inanimate heaps of stone and bronze.

There is, in the case of forests and lakes and game preserves, another side to the question beside that of pleasure and health. Each new forest, each new pond and lake, each new game sanctuary adds to the strength of the nation. Since the beginning of the nation we have been cutting down our forests more rapidly than they can restore themselves.

A memorial forest can provide the most beautiful of recreation areas for the people of the community, but it can be much more than simply a park. It can be a scientifically managed tract of timber. It can become an open textbook for children and grown-ups on nature, wild life and conservation. It can start the rebuilding of natural resources at home and in itself become a symbol of fruitful living and of eternal peace.



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to supply all the buses you need, because they can't be obtained. We cannot carry you to your destination as swiftly as you wish, because of wartime restrictions on highway speeds. Then, of course, thousands of our highly trained personnel are serving in their country's uniforms. The men who replace them are doing their utmost to maintain standards of courtesy and service. But with war needs creating additional millions of passengers, the task is tremendous.

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BUY MORE THAN EVER BEFORE—IN THE 7TH WAR LOAN

MY GENERAL, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

(Continued from page 11)

war are talking much about the Legion. They are. They see in it hope for a future of peace. They see in it experience of fighting men translated into action for all that we are fighting for. They see in it a force for a better world. And the fact that it was started by men like Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who proved their concern for the future by going back into this war, gives new hope to the men of World War II.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Roosevelt, I have had the opportunity to learn more about the part of the general in founding The American Legion. I was particularly struck by data contained in a book written in 1919 by George S. Wheat, a friend of the general's. It is this:

"On a midsummer morning in 1918, ambulance after ambulance unloaded its cargo of wounded humanity at a base hospital in Paris. The wounded were being conveyed rapidly from the front and the entire hospital was astir with nurses, surgeons and orderlies. A major, surgeon, almost staggered out of an operating room where he had been on duty for twenty-two hours and started for his quarters when a colonel arrived on an inspection trip.

"Pretty busy," remarked the colonel as he acknowledged the major's salute.

"Busy? Busy!" replied the major. "Good Lord, the only people about here that aren't busy are the dead ones. Even the wounded are busy planning to hobble around at conventions when the Big Show is over. Already they are talking about how they intend to take a hand in things after the war."

"Over across the street a sergeant, limping slightly, stopped under a shade tree and leaned against it to rest. He was almost well of his wound and eagerly awaited the word that would send him to join his regiment, the Twenty-Sixth United States Infantry. As he paused under the tree another soldier with a mending wound in the knee and just able to be about stopped to speak to him.

The sergeant's hand rose in quick salute for the newcomer was an officer.

"Expect to get back soon, Sergeant?" said the officer.

"Yes sir," he replied. "Anxious to go back and get the whole job over, sir."

"So am I," responded the officer. "But what will we all do when the Germans really are licked?"

"Go home and start a veterans' association for the good of the country, sir," the sergeant answered.

"Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., then major, was the officer, and Sergeant William Patterson, later killed in action, was the enlisted man, and the institution was Base Hospital No. 2."

Getting back to this war, I knew, of course, that the Congressional Medal of Honor had been posthumously awarded to the general and also that there were reports he was to have become a Major General. But it was only after I came back that I learned Secretary Stimson had presented the award to Mrs. Roosevelt, saying that it was "for gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty."

The citation gave the facts as I saw them. It reads:

"Although the enemy had the beach under constant direct fire, Brig. Gen. Roosevelt moved from one locality to another, rallying men around him, directed and personally led them against the enemy. Under his seasoned, precise, calm and unfaltering leadership, assault troops reduced beach strong points and rapidly moved inland with minimum casualties. He thus contributed substantially to the successful establishment of the beachhead in France."

This citation and the fact that another sergeant in World War I gave the general the idea of the Legion, will always be an inspiration to me. I hope God will spare me to help the Legion and to carry on the things General Roosevelt died fighting for.



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COMMUNICATIONS INTERRUPTED

(Continued from page 13)

So I thought I'd come in and talk it over."

"Nothing to discuss," Parker said shortly. "If your father can't manage his business affairs that's too bad—for him."

Mike was very mild. "You're a competitor. You have a right to compete. But, Mr. Parker, there's such a thing as fair competition and unfair competition. All I'm asking of you, sir, is to fight fair."

"If your father doesn't like the way I fight it's his privilege to fight back the same way," Parker said. "I protect myself. Let him do the same."

"I don't believe," Mike said slowly, "that Dad can fight your way. I think he would rather be licked and go into bankruptcy than to win on a foul. He's been here a good many years, Mr. Parker, and he's been fair and aboveboard. He has a reputation among his neighbors, and with his employees." Mike grinned. "I don't believe he would know how to fight your way, and I'm rather proud of it."

Parker's lip twisted. "Why did you come here? What do you want?" he asked.

"I came," Mike said, "to suggest that you stick to fair business methods. If you can win out that way nobody will have a kick. Just play according to the rules."

Parker leaned forward. "Sergeant," he said, "your father's business is a nuisance to me. I don't want it here in the valley. I'm going to put him out of business."

"And no holds barred?" asked Mike.

"You get the general idea," Parker said. "This is your final answer?"

"Positive and final," Parker said.

Mike got to his feet. His face was discouraged. He sighed as if he realized himself beaten, and turned to the door. Parker smiled sardonically and shrugged his big shoulders.

For a week Mike scarcely went near the mill. He seemed to spend most of his time visiting about among old friends of his father's, and a great many of those friends chanced to be in and about the old, white-painted courthouse on the hill. When he did call at the office Miss Jenks received him with increasing unfriendliness.

"I never," she said, "could like a quitter."

"They may have their good points," Mike said.

She flared out at him. "Here you come back to town and find your family in a jam. Come back wearing a uniform and a lot of pretty colored ribbons. And what do you do to live up to them? You go around town swapping stories with a lot of old mossbacks. Do you know that note at the bank is due in a week? Do you know we'll have to shut up shop." She flashed her eyes at him. "If you're a sample of the Air Corps, then God help America."

Another five days passed. On the morning of the sixth day Mike came again to the office. "Want to go calling with me?" he asked.

"I don't want to be seen with you," she said furiously.

"We'll go by back streets so nobody will notice you," he said. "Roll up that map of the county. We're going to need it." He leaned over her desk. "I'm the boss, you know. Orders."

She snatched the map from the wall and followed him with sullen face. In silence they drove to Parker's office, where Parker sent out word he was too busy to see them. Mike spoke firmly to the clerk.

"Go in," he said, "and tell that big lug that I want to see him now. Tell him to open the door and let me in or I'll go in and bring the door with me."

The clerk scurried away and returned, followed by Parker, whose broad face was distorted with rage. "Come in here making threats, eh?" he bellowed. "Well, uniform or no uniform, here's where you go out on your ear."

Mike held up his hand, palm out. "Mister," he said, "personally I wish you'd try it. I'd love it. But business before pleasure. And I mean business."

Parker hesitated. He outweighed the Sergeant by forty pounds but there was something in the young man's eye that he did not relish. Mike took advantage of Parker's hesitancy and brushed past him into the private office. Parker and Miss Jenks followed.

"All right, Wiley," Parker said. "Say what you have to say and get out."

Mike took the map from Miss Jenks and spread it on the desk. "You own the Maddox timber," he said. "It's no good if you can't get it out. It loses value if the cost of getting it out becomes too high. Well, Mr. Parker, it's going to cost more than you can afford to log that town and haul the timber to the mill."

"What will make the cost prohibitive?" demanded Parker.

Mike pointed to the map. "That timber lies on the south side of the valley there. There's just one possible road. See. It runs along here, down to the river, across the old Maddox bridge and so to town."

"What of it?"

"This of it," Mike said. "You're going

OUTFIT NOTICES

SPACE restrictions permit us to publish only announcements of scheduled reunions:

VETS. OF AMB. Co. 129 (33d Div.)—Reunion, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Ill., May 19-20. R. F. Nestlehut, secy., 7019 S. Park Ave., Chicago 37.

302d SAN. TRN. ASSOC. (77th Div.)—Reunion, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 27 E. 39th St., New York City, May 19. I. Bregoff, secy.-treas., 70 Pine St., New York City.



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to pay me a nice piece of change for every log that crosses the bridge."

"That's what you think," sneered Parker.

"That," said Mike, "is what I know. I own the bridge."

"It's a county road and a county bridge. You can't own it."

"It has been condemned," Mike said. "The county has no money to spend for new bridges, especially where there is practically no public travel. So I went to the Supervisors and made them a proposition. I agreed to build a new bridge—which won't be so expensive that I can't finance it. And in return the Supervisors gave me a toll-bridge franchise. All legal, signed, sealed and delivered."

Parker stood silent, staring at the map. Mike continued.

"The franchise authorized me to charge five cents apiece for passenger cars, but, and here's the catch, it lets me charge other vehicles by weight. At the rate of a dollar ton." He paused. "How many hundred thousand tons of logs will you have to haul across that bridge in the next few years? Figure it out."

"I don't believe it!" Parker shouted.

"Here," said Mike, "is a certified copy of the franchise."

Parker snatched it, read it and dropped into his chair suddenly deflated.

"But this—this is crooked. This is outrageous. This will cost me hundreds of thousands of dollars. It's—it's dirty business."

Mike smiled. "No holds barred, is what you told me. It's legal. Try to beat it. Go ahead. Bust Dad. Take his mill. Take his timber. We'll have a better income from this than from running a woodenware factory."

Parker was whipped. He bit his lip. "What," he asked slowly, "what's your proposition?"

"First," said Mike, "you pay the \$12,000 note at the bank. Second, you lay off Dad. You stop sabotage at the mill and in the woods. You quit stirring up labor trouble. You stop meddling with production. That's all I'm asking. Just that you play fair."

Miss Jenks interrupted. "But suppose he promises? How can you hold him to it?"

"I make a contract with him, permitting him to use the bridge for a dollar a month. The contract to be terminated at will at the end of any thirty days. If he behaves the contract continues. If he hits below the belt I clamp down on the first of the next month. How about it, Parker?"

The man knew when he was beaten. He spread his hands in a gesture of complete surrender.

"Right," said Mike. "I'll take along the

check to pay off the bank. Here's my agreement with you to sign. And we call it a day."

Parker made out the check, signed the agreement and sat scowling at Mike. Miss Jenks was staring at him, but there was no scowl to disfigure her face.

"Thank you, Mr. Parker," Mike said. "And good morning."

Miss Jenks did not speak until they were in the car.

"I eat my words," she said. "I eat them hide and tail."

"Not enough," Mike told her.

"What more?" she asked.

"In two weeks I go back to duty," he said. "No guess when I'll be back to Newtown. But when I do, I want to come back to something special. I'll be back. If you want to square yourself with me you've got to do something special?"

"Such as?"

"Such," he said, "as being here when I come, practically at the altar with a marriage license in one hand and a written promise to love, honor and obey in the other."

"Obey?" she demanded.

"Obey," he said firmly.

"Have it your way, Sergeant," she said. "We certainly got to have discipline in our Army."



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The Army Institute was founded right after Pearl Harbor, quickly broadening out to USAFI as the Navy joined in. Its courses reach into fox-holes and bomber stations — include a large number of I. C. S. lesson texts.

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men in I. C. S. goes forward, too. And many coming from the Armed Forces, honorably discharged, are continuing with us the training they began in service. This is a work of developing skills that are helpful to the war effort . . . and later will be converted to peacetime careers.

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FROM FOXHOLES

(Continued from page 29)

by fellow soldiers who had lived through untold horrors, yet kept their sense of humor!

Then it happened.

General Mark Clark announced: "I'm very happy to hear of the fine work being done by the cast of 'Egg In Your Beer.'" The show was requested for an immediate tour of the foxhole circuit "up front" in Italy.

Sailing from Oran aboard a Mediterranean Showboat, more rehearsals were held in the hold. The Navy was knocked hatch-happy. Regardless of the arm of service, this is the one soldier show Johnny will still be talking about when he comes marching home.

Upon landing, the "Egg In Your Beer" boys trucked right into the frontlines. At a single performance in a forward Italian vineyard 30,000 fighters jammed a hillside. They heard the Infantry saluted in the finale, "Grandaddy Of Them All," and passed their praise from Pompeii to Paris.

Katherine Cornell heard these rave reports while in Naples with her own overseas show. Between appearances she saw the musical and dropped backstage. The famous actress was beaming: "Broadway would love 'Egg In Your Beer!'" The cast smiled, too, then headed back for the front again.

Soon the 37 entertainers began meeting many of their old comrades in arms. They were finally playing for units with which they had once fought. In the talent ranks alone were representatives of the 3d, 34th, 36th, 45th, 1st Armored and 82d Airborne Divisions, plus a couple of Air Force men. But, all in all, this was the Infantry's show. Ground rifleman Carl Hoffman aims at foot soldiers with gags like:

"Director, stop the show! The Jerries are coming! I'm acting sergeant, and I want two Joes—who don't owe me any money—for a little roo-o-o-tine mission." Volunteers who have been shot at during one of those "routine" jobs appreciate the joke. Private Hoffman knew they would, because he was nearly killed on patrol behind German lines.

Hoffman, before joining "Egg In Your Beer," went scouting one night in Italy. He did a "Sergeant York" and brought back 22 Nazi prisoners single-handed.

Today Private Hoffman sings in Corporal Bernard Davidoff's serio-comic violin number. Davidoff formerly murdered the catgut at New York's Stork Club. In Rome with "Egg In Your Beer," his playing was highly complimented by Jascha Heifetz, who calls the soldier show: "Something to remember."

Such continued praise from professionals never made the soldier stars raid Quartermaster for larger size hats. Stripped for

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If your address has been changed since paying your 1945 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. Also tell your Post Adjutant what you are doing.

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combat and with no scenery, the modest esprit de corps and sheer talent help "Egg In Your Beer" score so heavily.

The cast took off their stripes while playing dozens of bombed-out Italian opera houses. They wanted no rank friction. Impersonator Corporal John Fereshetian of Philadelphia auditioned his own competitor, Private Jimmy Sweeney, and worked him into his act. Corporal George Hornecker was at a rest camp after being the sole survivor of a night patrol. Musicians *made* room for this rifleman as a trumpet soloist.

Despite his terror-filled memories, Hornecker could still laugh, so he later turned comedian. Dressed in a captured German uniform, mid-show he rushes in shouting:

"I am der Cherman Special Services Officer from der Hermann Goering Regiment. Ve vant dis 'Egg In Your Beer' show to play in der Berlin Opera House. Only . . . please, please hurry up—before dere is no more Berlin!"

Comedy is the keynote of "Egg In Your Beer." The name itself pokes fun at Infantrymen who gripe. "Life is rough? You like sugar in your coffee? Mustard on your Spam? Whadya want . . . egg in your beer?"

Explosive hit and major production number of the show is a satire dance on the Latin Rhumba and Samba craze. Sergeant Tony Grounds of Hollywood's Universal Studios taps and whirls through this lone costume stunt.

Designed for a bare stage and easy transportation in combat zones, only this Latin American dancing act is dressed. Soldier "senors" wear gaucho outfits cut from GI fatigues and buttoned with beer bottle caps. Castanets and rattles are ordinary Army canteens filled with pebbles from Anzio beachhead. GI brooms with mops for hair form "showgirls." To original music they dance "The Hi-Broomba."

Laughs at "Hi-Broomba" and "Egg In Your Beer" were suddenly heard round the world, and the Army has just ordered the complete company back to America. Here the veterans will play cities from coast to coast. For the first time they'll bring the talent and charm of a combat show to a Victory-minded homefront.



"Boy! We're throwing everything at 'em but the kitchen sink!"



"You'll Get the Kind of Postwar America You Want Only if You Start Fighting for It NOW!"

SAYS

Rob Bowes



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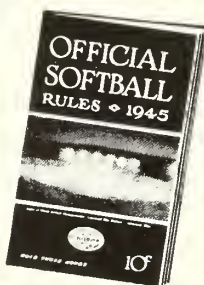
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**Louisville
SLUGGER BATS**
FOR SOFTBALL & BASEBALL

BIG LEAGUE TIMBER

(Continued from page 15)

seventeen-year-olds, provided the contract was signed between February 1 and June 1, and that it covered only the 1945 baseball season.

If, however, during the thirty-days' try-out period a lad failed to make good, a club could release him and he would be disqualified from further participation in the Legion baseball program. According to H. L. Chaillaux, National Americanism Director of the Legion, under whose Division the Junior program is conducted, probably not more than fifty boys were expected to sign big league contracts, with

not more than a hundred joining minor league clubs.

Evidently, the big league scouts found plenty of good material among the Legion baseball players—boys still too young to be called into the service of their country. On page 15 we introduce ten of these youngsters, eight of whom signed contracts with major league and two with minor league teams. The Legion Post teams with which they played are also noted—the team of Bentley Post, Cincinnati, Ohio, having won the 1944 Junior Championship, while that of Albermarle (North Carolina) Post was runner-up.

ON WINGS OF MERCY

(Continued from page 21)

Through the co-operation of Captain W. B. Hines, Public Relations Officer at Mitchel Field, our party enjoyed the privilege of greeting two plane-loads of wounded at the end of their flight across the southern route from Europe.

With Sergeants Ferrin and Longstreth as escorts, we gained admittance to the far end of the hangar line on the field, where C-54s discharge their passengers.

Before long, around the end of the hangar line came an orderly procession of Army ambulances, most of them driven by middle-aged volunteer Red Cross workers, some of whom are veterans of the First World War and members of the Legion. A U. S. Customs Inspector, an Immigration Officer, the Officer of the Day of Mitchell Field, a medical captain representing the surgeon of the Mitchel Field hospital, Colonel Charles H. Morhouse, medical corpsmen—prepared to give aid in receiving the homecoming patients—gradually assembled.

Then, far to the east, two huge planes

were seen approaching at a high altitude. They circled the field, the leading plane dropping slowly and settling gently on the runway. The second followed close behind. A brief period and the C-54 taxied up the apron, came to a stop, huge doors on a side hatch swung open, a portable stairway was rolled up to it. First to enter the plane was the medical captain, who received from the flight nurse a report of the patients. Emergency cases are removed first and rushed to the Base Hospital for immediate treatment.

The portable stairway removed, an ingenious "litter lift" rigged on a motor vehicle, rolled up at the base of the hatch. The platform, which can accommodate two litters, was raised to the hatch and swung into the patients' compartment, where two husky medical corpsmen transferred the wounded to the lift in pairs. The lift was slowly lowered to ground level, where other litter-bearers waited to carry the patients to the ambulances.

No bands or waving flags, as usually

Burma-Shave

NO BRUSH - NO LATHER

*"Come back soon
old smoothie!"*



pictured at ship arrivals, were there to meet those airborne wounded, but the friendly greetings they received brought smiles to the faces of these homesick men and boys. We saw one bedfast boy reach down and pat the concrete hangar apron. It meant a lot to that lad to be home again!

Before following the ambulances to the hospital, we stopped for a chat with one of the flight nurses, Lieutenant Florence Mulligan of Fairview, Minnesota, and the medical technician, T/Sergeant Ray Shafer of Detroit, Michigan, who had assisted her on the last leg of the flight. Lieutenant Mulligan, a graduate nurse of St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minnesota, one of the Mayo Brothers clinics, told us that she had enlisted in the Army Nurse Corps three years ago and had spent the past fifteen months as an Air Evacuation nurse in England and France.

NOW back to that visit with Private Hall which was interrupted by his 'phone call home, as told at the beginning of this report. We entered the hospital under the guidance of Sergeant Wasser and received fine co-operation from the medical staff and nurses.

After Private Hall had completed his telephone call, I learned from him that he had served with the 8th Division, that he had contracted a severe case of trench foot and during the severe fighting in the Huertgen Forest, his feet had been frozen. He was evacuated on December 16th last.

Private Hall had been a bakery salesman before entering service, but, as is true of many of the wounded, he had not looked far enough ahead to consider his post-discharge plans.

Our next visit was with Wiley E. McNaughton, a husky Scotch-Irishman, from Dallas, Texas—a man of 35 with a wife and three children at home. He was first wounded while with an Armored Division in fighting in New Guinea—a rifle shot in his left shoulder. After treatment, he was returned to the States for further hospitalization and then sent to the European Thea-

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When they have failed before?*

*Who fought the fight at risk of life
That brought to bay the foe
And EARNED the right to write the Peace?
You said it...G. I. Joe.*

—C. B. GAMBLE

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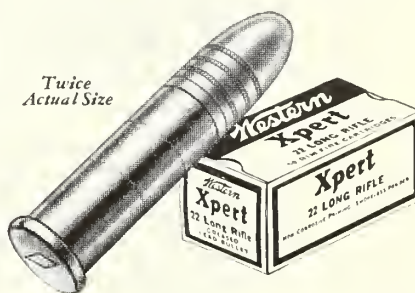
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ter with the 8th Division. After a minor foot wound, he was assigned to the motor pool of the Division Headquarters, and while driver of a truck in the First Army sector north of Luxembourg, he was run over by a weapons carrier while aiding a wounded soldier, sustaining a leg fracture.

It was during the breakthrough of Von Rundstedt's forces in Belgium, PFC Robert H. Marks reported, that both of his legs were fractured and torn by shrapnel, last January 6th, while he was attached to the 101st Airborne Infantry. Only exceptional skill on the part of a medical officer saved his left foot from amputation.

Two of the spunkiest youngsters we saw that day were across-the-aisle neighbors and right now I extend a public apology to the younger of them, Private Floren W. Holdaway of Terre Haute, Indiana, for awakening him from a sound sleep. I was talking with T/Corporal Jewel Claybo, 22 years old, of Sevierville, Tennessee, while my friend Holdaway was enjoying an alcohol rub and listening to our conversation.

A company aid man is one who accompanies assault companies and renders immediate first-aid to the fallen. While engaged in his work, Claybo found himself only thirty feet from an enemy pillbox which opened fire with automatic weapons and he sustained fractures of both arms (they were in casts when I saw him) and other wounds. But he was cheerful withal.

Holdaway, as I said, was thoroughly enjoying his back rub across the aisle at the hands of Teresa June Sandstrom, WAC medical technician, who had completed her work by the time I walked over to him. That alcohol rub had proved effective, as the 20-year-old youngster had gone sound asleep and I unthinkingly awakened him. Therefore my apology. The lad, a veteran at 20, although firmly encased in a plaster cast about his mid-section, could still smile. Wounded while a rifleman with the 26th Division, fighting in the Alsace-Lorraine area with Patton's Third Army—shot through the hips by an automatic weapon. He lay on the field of battle for forty-eight hours before being carried back.

While nurses were bringing around trays of milk and ice cream, of which their patients apparently could not get enough, and exclaimed over the treat, Mrs. Sandstrom was continuing her alcohol rubs. We interrupted her long enough to learn that although a native of Cold Spring-on-Hudson, New York, in the First World War she enlisted in the British Nurse Corps, serving for twenty-two months in England and in France. That was difficult to believe, considering her youthful appearance, but she frankly admitted that age prevented her from obtaining a commission in our Army Nurse Corps for service in this war. Firmly determined to contribute her share in the present war, she enlisted in the WACS.

Another attractive WAC, who we learned was Miss Gretchen Donovan of New York

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City, may have been one of the reasons
we stopped at the bedside of Claude E.
Lewis of Evergreen, Texas, who was se-
lecting a book from her portable library.
Lewis had been an automatic rifleman with
the 9th Division. At Carentan, in Nor-
mandy, on June 12th, he received a foot
wound from a sniper bullet. Hospitalized
in England, he returned to duty with his
regiment last Sept. 18th, near Metz. On
Nov. 15th he received his second wound—
a fractured leg, when struck by shrapnel.

It was getting near evening chow time
in the hospital and so I had to forego
additional visits with the men on the ward.
Rest assured, all of them were happy to
be home and particularly happy that through
the outstanding work of the Medical De-
partment of the Army Air Forces, with the
active aid and co-operation of the North
Atlantic Division of the Air Transport
Command, they were able to make the
journey so swiftly and comfortably.

WHAT IT'S LIKE

(Continued from page 23)

he cannot escape, the sickening revulsion
of too familiar rations. But our stories
don't reflect it the way Joe feels it. We
write of his courage under danger and
sometimes of the misery of his fear, but
we know that his misery is far more than
a mere sense of danger. It is a misery com-
pounded of endless miles in a jeep with
the windshield down—the bottomless mud
—the bad weather—the hopeless nostalgia
for home, the inevitability of a tomorrow
that offers no escape except perhaps death.

We sense his bewilderment. When the
attack begins, we see him advance, not in
a heroic headlong charge, but with appal-
ling hesitation punctuated by little darting
rushes. If the column halts for some reason
unknown to him, we see him kneel in the
mud with rifle ready and the fear of un-
certainty written in his eyes. He may try
frantically to know what goes on, but no
one can tell him. He asks desperately of
his buddy, "Are we getting tanks in sup-
port?" "Is the heavy weapons company
behind us?" "Is Company A still on our
left, or were they wiped out?" And his
buddy's helpless eyes stare at him from
under his helmet and his dirty beard mum-
bles, "It beats the hell out of me!"

We see him move into the villages of
Germany and live in their horrid desola-
tion, a desolation practically impossible to
describe. It's more than shattered build-
ings, streets deep with roof slates and
household litter; or broken equipment dis-
carded by the roadside. It's the dead Ger-
man lying in the gutter face up, plastered
gray with mud splashed from passing trucks
and jeeps. Mud in the open mouth. Mud
in the eye sockets. It's the dead farm wife
in the orchard bent forward as if in per-
petual prayer with her buttocks shot away,

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



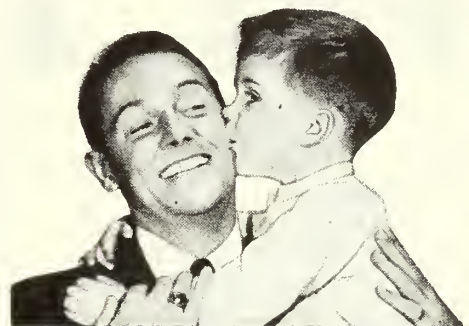
Don't blame your son, Mister, if he
shies away! Even *his* little nose can't take
your... Denture Breath. Avoid offending.
Don't brush with cleansers that scratch
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tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

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course, your plate may loosen. There's no
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He's one of the delighted millions who have
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CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!



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leaving a yawning crimson cavern. Dead cows and pigs, swelling and smelling. And that goddam wounded sheep that keeps crawling all over town dragging his shattered hind legs, making pitiful noises, but which nobody ever gets around to shooting.

Whatever cellar the soldier crouches in is stinking dirty. He lies in filthy straw, wet to the skin and without blankets because the detail hasn't made it across the sea of mud that is the only approach into town. And the fear of the impending German artillery is maggots in his stomach.

We see these things and we know how it is, yet, when we write of advancing on towns and capturing them, we cannot help making it sound fatuously triumphal—knowing all the time that the brutal fact of battle has smothered any sense of triumph in Joe himself. He is tough enough and philosophical enough that the bestiality will not scar him permanently. His sympathy, generosity and his humour are the guardians of his sanity. But I do know that, in spite of the understanding of his buddies, Joe feels damned alone when he realizes that the grim sordid background of his daily life cannot be adequately painted, photographed or written for the people at home. Knowing the complete divorce between his point of view and the point of view of those he loves, he keeps hoping against hope that some miraculous feat of journalism can establish a ground of common understanding. That is why, time after time, he stands before us pleading, "Can't you tell them the truth?"

I LOOKED at those friends of mine, still clustered around the radio and thought, "These guys are sympathetic guys. Surely I can tell them something of what it's like." I stood up and went over to the window, and looked out at the black night. The guns were far away but my memory could still hear them. The mud of the front was across the ocean but my feet could still feel it. The dead were out of sight but they could still appear before my smarting eyes.

Tell anyone what war was like? Well, I was still in the business and I was still trying, but—hell, I can't do it.



"Oh, never mind announcing me. He'll be out in a minute."

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SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 9)

anything that seems mystical, or even unlikely.

Every participant in this greatest of all wars has suffered from the same cause. We are emerging together into the quiet years that follow the sound of firing because, in sharing tragedy together, we have been compelled to help each other. The help the Russians have given us and we have given the Russians, the aid that Britain has given France, and France has given England, and so on in an endless, interlacing criss-cross, has in no case been an act of charity. Each Allied state has done all that lay within its power to help its fellows, solely for its individual salvation. We would have lost the war without the Russians. The Russians would have lost the war without us. We both would have lost the war without the British.

That is the practical realization the United Nations delegates have taken with them to San Francisco. Their efforts will be to carry the sobering yet heartening lesson learned from our still current experience over into the post-war years. In the ancient phrase, we will all hang separately if we do not hang together. It is the function of the San Francisco meeting to create some system which will keep us hanging together, for our own mutual interest and mutual protection, when the war is over.

It can be done.

Our friends—and, believe me, they are many—are frankly afraid that we who have stayed at home, who have been lucky enough to avoid the full terror of war, will for that reason care less than they do whether war is made impossible.

It not only can be done, but it will be done if we the ordinary people of the United States, support the making of the peace, there on our own western doorstep, with even part of the same energy with which we have supported the waging of battles that have swept across the very hearthstones of our allies.

Mean-minded, blinkered men destroyed the last great opportunity for a working, peaceful partnership of states by the employment of an ingenious device. They supported the plan for a world organization "in principle." They throttled it by opposing it in detail.

At the annual convention of The American Legion in Chicago last September, it was resolved that . . . "Germany and Japan must be permanently disarmed, rendered utterly unable again to wreck the peace of the world. After subjugation . . . must be occupied and controlled."

It was so decided at Yalta.

It was resolved that . . . "when peace has been restored to the world, we must be ever vigilant to protect it. The cost of maintenance of peace is insignificant compared to the cost of war."

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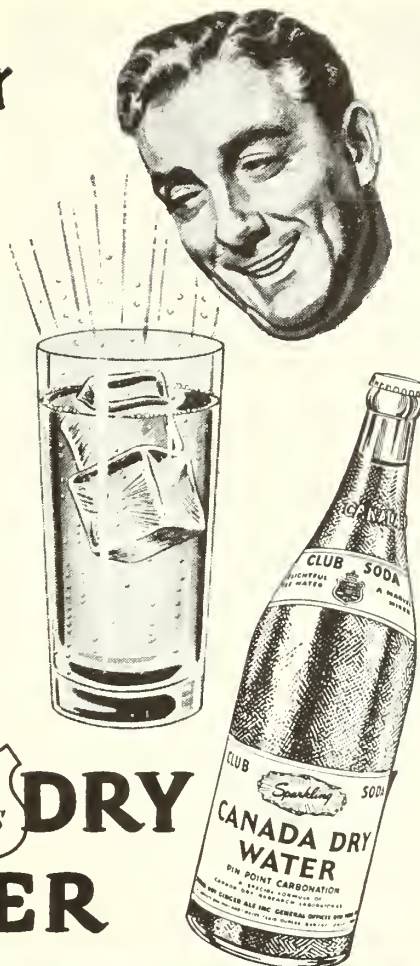
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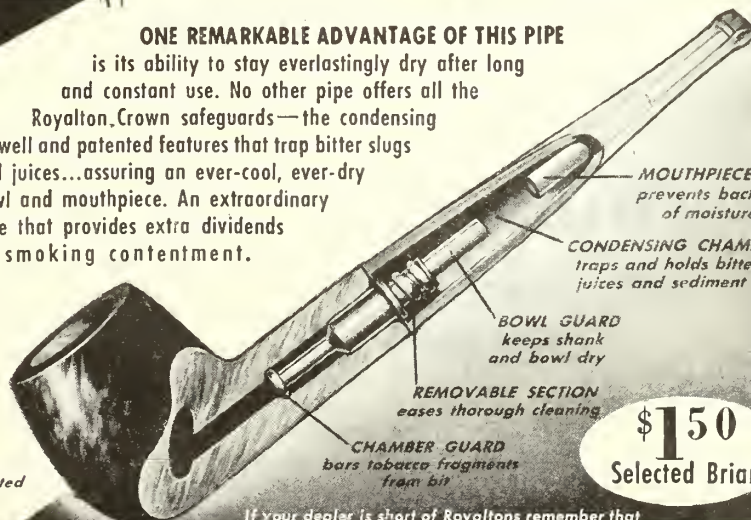
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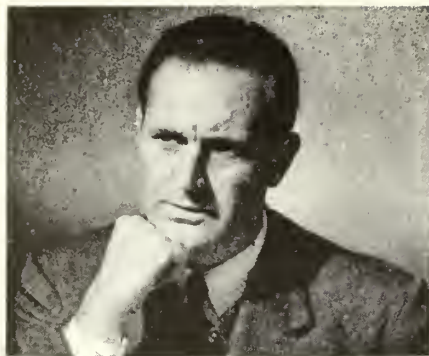
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You can influence your own future by preparing now for the step forward—so that openings come because you are equipped for them—not as the result of luck.

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It was because the Big Four of the United Nations were in complete agreement with that belief that the conference was called at Dumbarton Oaks.

That same memorable Legion resolution also made this declaration:

"... We believe that our nation can best serve and protect its national interests... by participation in the establishment and maintenance of an association of free and sovereign nations, implemented with whatever force may be necessary to maintain world peace and prevent a recurrence of war.

"Twenty-five years ago, peace was sacrificed and lost on the altar of political expediency and public indifference. This tragic blunder must not be repeated."

That is the hope of the world. It is the obligation of the San Francisco Conference to make that splendid hope come true.

MARCHING HOME

(Continued from page 26)

war have under-estimated the battle accomplishments of the units to which they belonged. When Johnny comes marching home this time it will be close to tragic if he should under-estimate his importance to Business or if he neglects to understand how important it is to the national economy that he shall adjust himself to civilian life quickly.

What does Business think about the returning veteran? What preparations is it making to re-employ veterans? No wholly accurate generalization can be made, of course, since "Business" is a complex thing, and different businesses have different problems and opportunities. To get answers from one outstanding industrialist, I put those questions to Fowler McCormick, president of International Harvester Co.

International Harvester is a large manufacturing company, with about 70,000 employees, with plants and sales offices scattered over the United States. Up to March 1, this year, 19,471 Harvester men and women had gone into military service. Of that number, almost exactly 10 percent, or 1,962, have been discharged from service.

Of those discharged, 1,814 or 92.5 percent have applied to the Harvester Company for re-employment. All were offered jobs at least as good as those they had left. All but 24 of the 1,814 have actually been re-employed. Approximately 23 percent of the veterans now on the payroll are physically handicapped to some degree.

To make sure that the Harvester organization fully understood the importance that the management placed on the problems raised by the returning veteran, Mr. McCormick called a meeting of the company's executives from all sections of the country. At that time he declared that returning service men should be given a warm welcome when they came to get their jobs

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATL. HDQTS. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT, DECEMBER 31, 1944

Assets	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$1,481,860.16
Accounts receivable.....	109,577.55
Inventories.....	133,235.50
Invested funds.....	3,182,950.01
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	246,569.85
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund...	193,906.72
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	119,338.59
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	56,883.70
Deferred charges	33,221.65
	\$5,557,543.73
Liabilities, Deferred Revenues and Net Worth	
Current liabilities	\$ 346,571.03
Funds restricted as to use.....	67,987.03
Deferred revenue	1,014,088.40
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund..	\$ 246,569.85
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	193,906.72
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital ...	\$3,173,028.14
Unrestricted Capital...	515,392.56
	\$3,688,420.70
	\$5,557,543.73

DONALD G. GLASCOFF, *National Adjutant*

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back. Company officials, he said, should study the record the man made with the concern before he entered the service, and should learn as much as possible about his record in the service.

After citing various kinds of cases, and asking that his listeners give their personal attention to the problem of fitting the returning service men into positions within the organization, he concluded:

"I want to leave with you the fact that those men were and are Harvester men. They are Americans who served their country. They fought for us, they served for us and they deserve the best that we have got. I know you will give it to them."

International Harvester's policy for the re-employment of veterans, as Mr. McCormick expressed it at the meeting, has been translated into a definite program which is now in operation at every Harvester plant, raw materials operation and sales branch. Briefly, that program is this:

Every Harvester employee honorably discharged from military service, desiring re-employment by the company, and making proper application, must be offered (1) his former position or a position of like seniority, status and pay; or if this is not possible, (2) some other available position for which his seniority and ability qualify him, at the same location where he formerly worked; or if this is not possible, (3) some other available position for which he is qualified, at some other Company location; or (4) if he is physically or otherwise handicapped by reason of his war service and cannot qualify immediately for employment, he shall be offered special training or other appropriate rehabilitation designed to prepare him for eventual employment. It is the company's objective to provide a job for every qualified Harvester veteran and to try to help every Harvester veteran qualify for a job.

What will Business do about Johnny when he comes marching home? It cannot do less than:

1. Make him KNOW that America is sincerely glad to have him back.
2. Accord him the recognition of his service that he deserves. Treat him as a human being.
3. Give him a job. See to it that he is interviewed intelligently, that he understands the job opportunity, is properly oriented and trained. Give him the perspective that will encourage him to want to take his place as a productive member of his community.
4. Close up that gap between the veteran's service days and his new career as a civilian.

Business prides itself on knowing the score. Right now Business needs to prove its foresight by holding out to Johnny something more substantial than the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow that it must know the demagogues will offer him.

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

On the Way Up

By **FRANK MILES**

American Legion War Correspondent

With the 5th Army in Italy

THEY WERE a typical American infantry company—those raincoated doughboys I met slogging single file through icy drizzle and fog on a winding trail in the Apennine Mountains of North Italy. With heads cocked so helmets would shield their faces from falling water, nothing was heard from them except occasional ejaculations over slipping or sticking feet, and one—a tall Texan—was humming a tune.

Another quarter mile and they would move into trees and brush to take position below a crest from where they could either meet a counter-attack from Nazis beyond, or charge them. Enemy shells whistled overhead and broke in the valley behind.

The company commander—a husky, red-haired, 24-year-old captain who entered the Army in May, 1941, from a Michigan college—ordered a rest halt. He was then close to a small, evacuated Italian stone farmhouse to which I had hiked after leaving a jeep some distance back on a main road.

We shook hands and then introduced ourselves.

"Pretty hot place for a correspondent, I'd say," he smiled grimly. "The Jerries probably know we're here and might come storming up to keep us from where we're going."

I admitted I had a cave picked out to crawl into if they did that.

"You look like you'd seen a lot of this stuff," I remarked.

"Well, some—I got overseas early in 1942, was through Africa as a sergeant and second lieutenant and have been with the Fifth Army ever since Salerno in September, 1943. Not many of my old outfit left—both officers and men blacked out."

"From where do your fellows hail?"

"From about thirty of the States—every section of the country, all creeds, some few even foreign born. There's one guy, a good soldier, whose parents brought him to Pennsylvania from Germany when he was only two years old."

"How about their civilian jobs?"

"Every type—but only a few of the men are old enough to have got well started. Most of them wonder what they'll do when they get out of the Army."

I walked over among the men and talked



You can imagine how impossible this terrain south of Bologna became during last winter and spring. The colored U. S. troops shown here have done a fine job

with them. The first doughboy was a rangy, 22-year-old Missourian.

"I was helping my dad in his grocery store when the draft got me," he said. "I hadn't thought much about the war. My girl and I didn't intend to get married until I got more of a stake, but we did when we found I was being sent across. Now I've got a kid I've never seen—a boy. Here's his picture. Hope there'll be enough business when I get back so I can make a good living for my folks and my family."

Next was a snappy-eyed, 19-year-old boy from California.

"I came into the Army right from high school," he told me. "Had intended going to college that fall, but I'm not kicking. Yes, I heard about the GI Bill of Rights and I'm going to make use of it to get more education. The other boys also talk about college work, or loans or jobs under the Bill. My dad is a Legionnaire and so I know how interested the Legion is in us fellows in uniform."

A nearby sergeant, a young Kentuckian of perhaps 23, but with three years of service, spoke his piece about our treatment of prisoners. "What's this stuff we hear about Jerry and Italian prisoners being

coddled in the States?" he flared. "If it's true, I'd well like to kick the pants off the softies doing it. Perhaps our prisoners in Germany are being treated all right but I'll bet they're not being tucked into bed each night. As for the Eyeties, as long as they're prisoners they ought to be treated as such."

"My dad who was in the A. E. F. during the last war," offered a young PFC from Ohio, "always did say we were too easy on the Germans after the Armistice—that we could have prevented this war by showing some backbone then. And now some Americans want to let them off easy again. It doesn't make sense."

Quite a group had gathered around me and the men spoke their opinions vigorously, although they displayed good judgment in their expressions about profiteering, labor troubles, slackers and the usual subjects uppermost in soldiers' minds.

Then the command to fall in, hurried farewells, and off they went along the muddy trail. No flags flying, no bands playing, no cheers, no flowers. . . . But there was plenty of noise—the screams and explosions of hostile shells breaking on a nearby area where another American company was holding a part of that forgotten front.

Paper

Paper gives him tools...it packs guns and bullets. Paper feeds him...it packs his rations. From the first Draft Card to the final Honorable Discharge, paper tells him where to go. Paper may save his life...it packs Blood Plasma. These are only a few of a thousand war uses for that humble household nuisance...paper. Yet in 1944 our paper production was the lowest in four years. So make every scrap of paper s-t-r-e-t-c-h for Victory. Share your newspaper with your neighbor. Bundle up old magazines, even old letters, for salvage. Paper packs a punch...don't waste it!

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